

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.

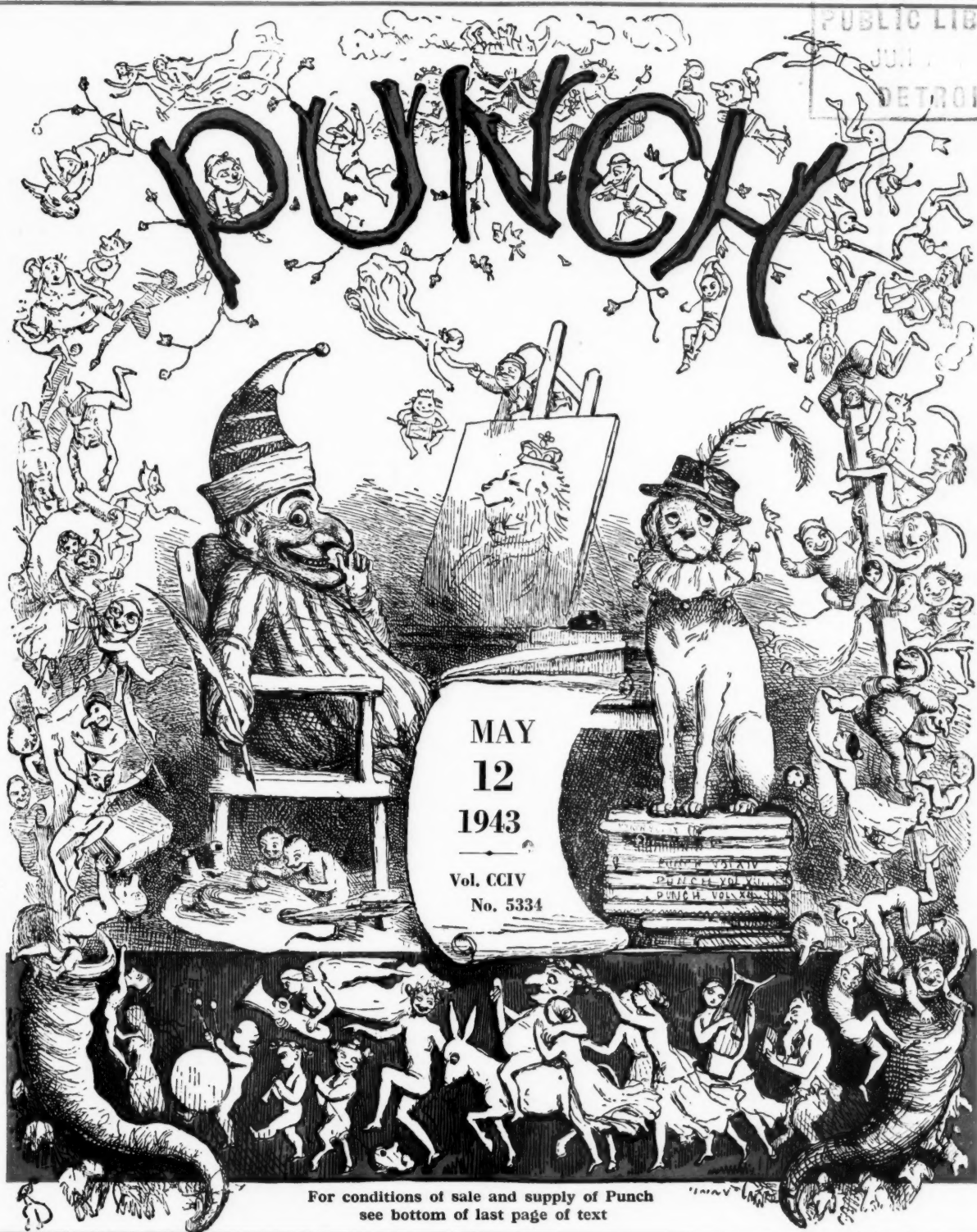
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED



10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
JUN 1 1943
DETROIT

PUNCH

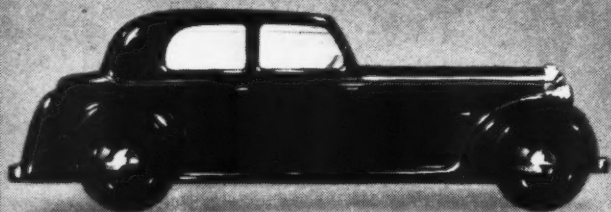


For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN



Rover Cars are giving their owners valuable service under wartime conditions. Each one is an example of the reliability and high standard of performance that have made Rover Cars famous.

ROVER
"One of Britain's Fine Cars"

THE ROVER COMPANY LTD. COVENTRY AND LONDON

CVS-377

du MAURIER

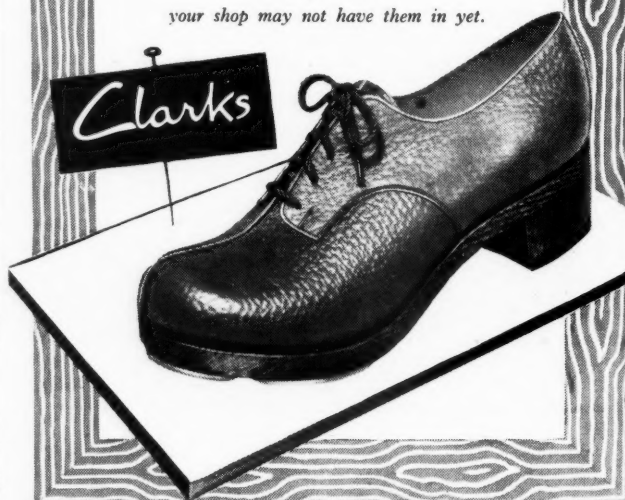


**THE
 FILTER TIP
 WILL KEEP
 YOU FIT**

WOOD FOR WEAR

*For comfort on fine days, and dry feet in rain
 Here's Clarks in the fore-front of fashion again.
 Use a heel-to-toe gait for this wooden-soled shoe
 If the leather 'treads' wear, make haste to renew.
 Don't dry them too quickly if they should get wet,
 And—patience!*

your shop may not have them in yet.



Made by C. & J. CLARK LTD. (WHOLESALE ONLY) STREET, SOMERSET,
 and by Clarks (Ireland) Ltd., Dundalk. Retailers throughout the country.

SPODE

For Tableware
of Quality



EDEN

Spode has never failed to supply replacements for 100 years and will do so again after the War.

Spode

The China of Distinction

W. T. COPELAND & SONS LIMITED
SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT

For
all the
services..



UNIFORMS

Maenson agents everywhere, name on request

JOSEPH MAY & SONS, LTD.
106 Regent Street, London, W.1
Tel.: REG 2404

Safeguard Your Teeth!



With **KENT** Exclusive
BLENDED BRISTLES

- AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION.
- PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

KENT OF LONDON
Best British Brushes

**Your Hair Brush
rebristled—**

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer
(Dept. L.)

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4



COTY

The Coty Beauty Service has spun a girdle of loveliness around the world. The excellence of Coty Creations is acknowledged in every land—their exquisite charm is beyond compare.

All the more reason for treasuring your Coty to-day, the supply is strictly limited. The Beauty Service that has made the name Coty famous must be but a shadow of its former self till Victory allows the development of our comprehensive post-war plans.

The creators of L'Origan, L'Almant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Styls, Muguet, "Air Spun" Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.

C.F.2

Harrods

COUPONS

— and —

Spend carefully—Choose wisely

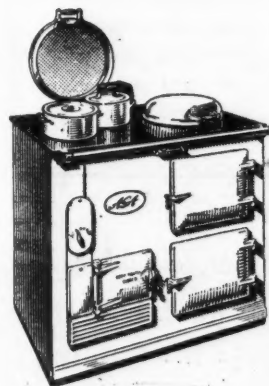
Even in these days of austerity you will find at Harrods those little differences of quality and character—important details that mean so much and help to make those precious coupons go still further.

IT ALWAYS PAYS YOU BEST TO BUY THE BEST

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

You see
I
know
where I
am



I've
got an

AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

Cooker

The Aga Cooker is guaranteed not to exceed a stated annual fuel consumption; needs attention only once in 12 hours; is always ready, night and day; preserves the juices and nourishment in food.

AGA HEAT LIMITED
(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.),
Coalbrookdale, Shropshire.

'SANATOGEN'

Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' must now give place to more urgent needs. Some of the essential raw materials which go to their making have been diverted to help the war effort, so that only limited quantities of the two products are available in the shops.

The 'Genatosan' Laboratories are now actively engaged in producing vitally needed Fine Chemicals and medicinal products for which there is a new and increasing war need.

KEEP YOUR FEET RIGHT AND HEAL ALL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES QUICKLY

HOMOCEA is the perfect OINTMENT prepared from those carefully selected ingredients which were prescribed by the CONSULTING CHEMISTS of our Great-grandfathers' time and fully endorsed by those of today.

HOMOCEA quickly penetrates and softens the skin. It heals little WOUNDS and SORES and averts more serious SKIN AFFECTIONS. MANY THOUSANDS of people all over the WORLD use HOMOCEA every day of their lives and gain immense comfort from the protection it gives them.

The man who shaves every morning and has a TENDER SKIN rubs a little HOMOCEA on his face the night before. And what a colossal amount of discomfort he saves himself!

The ATHLETE The GOLFER The CYCLIST The men (and women too) who have to walk to the Station every morning. The SOLDIER The MUNITION WORKER The POSTMAN The POLICEMAN. The WOMAN WHO HOLES HER STOCKINGS AT THE HEEL because of a bit of hard skin.

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE need HOMOCEA and they can try it and test it without any risk. See the guarantee on every package.

HOMOCEA will generally prevent MOSQUITOES or MIDGES or BEES biting you if you smear it on your skin. If you neglect to do this and get bitten HOMOCEA will quickly relieve the pain and heal the wound. See what Mr. W. Herrod-Hempall THE AUTHORITY ON BEE KEEPING says about Homocoea on page 50 of the BEE KEEPERS' GUIDE.

Buy a tin from your Chemist or Store. Use it for any SKIN TROUBLE you have, and, if you are not satisfied, return the carton to the makers and the full amount of your money will be refunded without question or quibble.

SUPPLIES ARE AVAILABLE AT THE CHEMISTS.

Homocoea
TOUCHES THE SPOT

LARGE TIN
1 1/2 oz.

FAMILY SIZE
3 1/2 oz.

THE HOMOCEA MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 46, ELWICK ROAD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 4.

Remember

EKCO

for

RADIO

and

LAMPS

E. K. Cole, Ltd., Ekco Works,
Southend-on-Sea

History in the making

1820



24 years

before Stephenson's Rocket the famous firm of Seager Evans was founded — with the accumulated experience of 138 years of fine distilling, they still produce the unrivalled

SEAGERS GIN

Supplied to the public through the
Retail Trade ONLY.

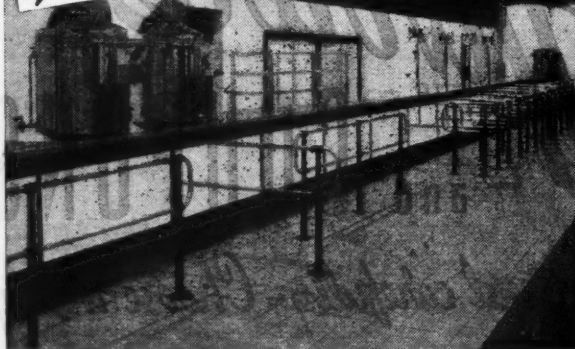
25/3 13/3
Full size bottle Half bottle

EST?



1805

You must save Fuel NOW!



BY APPOINTMENT
ENGINEERS TO
H. M. KING GEORGE VI.

CRITTALL Canteen Equipment provides everything for the quick and efficient running of a works canteen. Economy of fuel for cooking and heating and reliability in Air-conditioning and A.R.P. equipment are outstanding features of Crittall products.

Built by Engineers, recommended by experts, and used all over the world.

RICHARD CRITTALL

ALDWYCH HOUSE • LONDON, W.C.2 AND COMPANY LIMITED

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 7777.

BIRMINGHAM: Prudential Buildings, St. Philip's Place. Central 2478.

LIVERPOOL: Martin's Bank Building, Water Street. Advance 680.

Halex

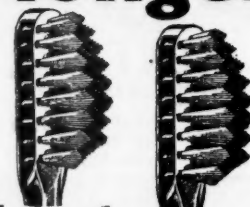
Regd. Trade Mark

toothbrushes

stay

Springy

longer



bristle
or nylon

HALEX make the
best of both brushes

Sparklets

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.

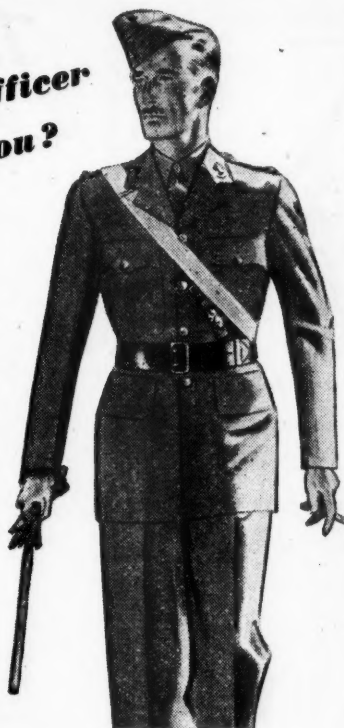


HYGIENIC—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL

3610

What size Officer are you?

Very large officers, very small officers (and any sizes in between) can be fitted in a trice from our immense stock of ready-to-wear Uniforms. And this goes too, for officers in the Navy and Air Force. Uniforms for officers in all the Services, including Women's Services, can also be made to measure in the shortest possible time.



MOSS BROS

& CO LTD

Naval, Military & R.A.F. Outfitters

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King St. & Bedford St.,
TEmple Bar 4477 W.C.2.

Also at Manchester, Bristol, Aldershot, Portsmouth, Camberley, York, Hove, Shoreham, Bournemouth, Harrogate, Southend, Heysham, Salisbury, Dorking, Shrivenham, Droitwich, Tonyn, Ilkley, Llandrindod Wells, Grantham.



Bent for accuracy
strength
& service

It's got to be bent. It must be accurate and perfectly pointed at each end—before it can be called a STEAD staple . . .

If you need Staples or Pins—any size or shape, we can make them. We are specialists—so we should be—it has been our study and trade for over 40 years.

Think in STEAD
before you
buy

Tele: Sheffield 22283 (4 lines)

J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2

NOW . . .

for vital War work only, such as reinforcing shelters, installing machinery and general factory maintenance.

AFTER THE WAR . . .

for all work entailed by reconstruction, repairs to buildings and other work connected with the building industry.

The Kango hammer has for a long time taken the place of the hammer and chisel at an immense saving of labour.

KANGO

ELECTRIC HAMMER

MANSIONS MOTOR COMPANY LTD.

Morden Factory Estate • South Wimbledon • London • S.W.19

Telephone: LIBERTY 4253 (3 lines) Cables: Exhausters, Phone, London.



We both prefer
CRAVEN
"A"
for our
throat's sake

10 FOR 1/2 20 FOR 2/4



Carreras Ltd. 150 years' Reputation for Quality
C.A. 999



IT is nearly a century since Romary first made biscuits of supreme quality at Tunbridge Wells. Today, the old standards of fine ingredients and 'home-baking' are still being faithfully observed. Romary Biscuits remain the supreme example of the art of biscuit craftsmanship.

ROMARY

'TUNBRIDGE WELLS' BISCUITS



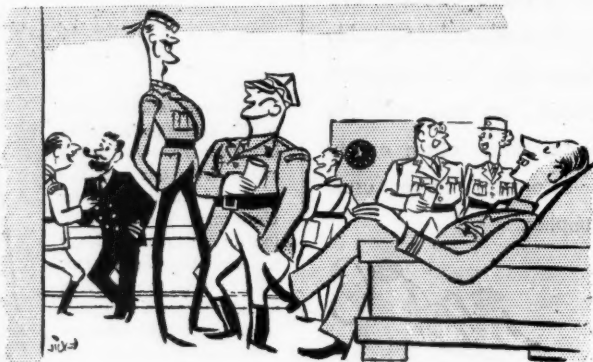
Production is restricted so don't blame your dealer if you have difficulty in obtaining Gillette blades.

Posted for General Service — Gillette "Standard" Blades now replace Blue and Thin Gillette, and the 7 o'clock. But you will find these "Standard" Blades are still the best shave you can buy—so when you get them, make them last.

Gillette in battledress

Gillette "Standard" and "Standard Thin" Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

The United Nations at Simpson's SERVICES CLUB



AS SEEN BY **VICKY**
THE NEWS CHRONICLE CARTOONIST

In the Simpson's Services Club you'll find United Nations officers—men and women—from every part of the world. Even more to the point, you'll find a good bar, comfortable atmosphere, valeting, hot baths, barber shop (men and women), theatre and hotel booking service, and a warm invitation to make yourself at home.

Simpson
PICCADILLY

202 PICCADILLY, W.1. PHONE: REGENT 2002



Specially prepared by
Abdulla for all lovers of
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4

173 New Bond Street, W.1





PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5334

May 12 1943

Charivaria

"It is not always a man's own fault that he gets into debt," observes a magistrate. Mostly, of course, it is owing to other people.

Dr. Malcolm Sargent says an orchestral conductor has a dozen things to think about. Surely he means a score.

A patient in an auxiliary hospital complains of an overheated mustard plaster. He lost no time in getting his complaint off his chest.

Hitler's cook travels with him. If the Fuehrer should happen to be poisoned his cook will still travel with him.



"ANGLO-JAPANESE TALKS.—The British Ambassador in Lisbon, Sir Ronald Campbell, has had talks with the Portuguese Minister of Colonies, Dr. Machado."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The Machado?

An ex-butler is now a postman. After the first few days he didn't bother to take his salver.

"There are nine main causes of headache," says a doctor. The ninth is one over the eight.

An American says he saw a scarecrow in an English field complete with open umbrella. It is enthusiastic Home Guards who really scare the birds away as they practise stalking the parachutist.



A husband told a magistrate that it took his wife nearly an hour to wish a neighbour "Good-night." Much adieu about nothing.

"Our ancestors never made all this fuss about germs," comments a medical man. Yes, and look where they are now.

"It is difficult to pay income-tax twice," says an Inland Revenue official. It is far more difficult not to pay it at all.

We are told by a scientist that he has perfected a substance capable of dissolving anything with which it comes into contact. It will be interesting to learn what he intends keeping it in.

"The best judge of pearls I know," says a jeweller, "is an ecclesiastical dignitary who tests them with his tongue." A bauble reputation at the Canon's mouth.



Goebbels recently stated that Germany is invincible. This seems to support current rumours that Hitler is about to launch a sudden defensive on all fronts.

"ROYAL
Michael REDGRAVE Diana WYNARD
in
H. G. WELLS'
'KIPPERS'
Lagos Paper.
The story of a simple sole.

In every hotel in German-occupied cities Himmler has his spies. Keyhole personnel.

Housing

"IT seems probable that the habit of living in houses is a retrograde movement in the history of man; encouraged by the brief interludes of peace between wars he builds energetically like the beaver or the birds in spring; instead of burrowing he makes hutches; instead of carrying his habitation on his back ('that's the wise snail!' as Browning said) he hives in brick, he nests in concrete trees; but the castles and towns are destroyed, the fortified cities are broken; the nomads, the troglodytes and the gipsies exhibit a far better adaptation to their environment, and though this theory seems to contradict the teaching of the Old Testament in which Jacob is preferred to Esau, one is bound to observe in the first place that Jacob was a deceitful man, and in the second that the house of Solomon which took thirteen years to construct was looted by enemies in the reign of his son."

I wrote these remarkable if rather acid words at the end of the last war, being annoyed at the moment because I could not find a place to live in at a reasonable rent; architects, builders and house agents implored me not to give wider publicity to my views, but no doubt if I had, many of our present troubles would not have arisen.

Building in a modified form recommenced. Much of it was terrible. Its problems were never solved and the present troubles have merely accentuated the difficulties which were obvious enough in 1918 to a purblind man wearing smoked glasses in a coal-cellar. The difficulty about houses, though the House of Commons (which ought to know) does not seem to have observed it, is simply that in peace-time and still more in war-time there are plenty of them but they are all in the wrong places, of the wrong sizes and the wrong shapes. Even after the efforts of the *Luftwaffe* the total cubic accommodation of the still standing hutches and palaces in Great Britain is fairly considerable, and living, as I do, on a towering peak of masonry surrounded by a wilderness of unoccupied mansions crumbling into their garden, I am the better able to philosophize.

Given another twenty years of peace we should (perhaps) have all been living in flats; we should (perhaps) have abolished the slums; we should (perhaps) have built enough labourers' cottages in the countryside. On the other hand we might all have been living on the edges of uncrossable speedways or in abominable bungalows by the sea. The stately homes of England would have been country clubs or schools, or lunatic asylums or hotels. It is idle to speculate—though builders continue to do so.

But can anybody—considering the labours of the various war departments in flinging people from one end of the country to the other, in building hutments and barracks, in erecting new factories, in forcibly occupying hundreds of houses and hotels and in forcibly emptying hundreds of others—reasonably estimate what the housing accommodation of the country is to-day, if a Djinn could waft the right bits of it to the spots where it is likely to be needed when the war is done and the planners have completed their plans?

The call-up of concrete, the compulsory enrolment of timber, the redirection of bricks, these will be the prime labour of the dawning peace, and the Ministry of Transport will no doubt see to it that convoys of uprooted tenements are rushed rapidly from point to point and deposited where they are needed most. Pre-fabricated portions of flats and farms and bijou villas can be carried about by bombing

planes, and the decrepit houses of the inner suburbs of London removed to make rural maisonnettes.

This brings us naturally to the question of slums. They used to be romanticized. They were dirty and crowded, people said, but gay and lively, because of the cinemas, the lights, the traffic, the pawnshops and the pubs. Slum children did not want to leave them. They were broken-hearted when they went into the country, and wept when they looked at a farm or a cow, wishing that these could be turned into a fried-fish shop or a tram. I don't know how much of this sentiment, if it ever existed, survives; but it will have to fade away.

Farm labourers were also supposed to like living in old picturesque country cottages without a roof, but this sentiment will also have to die. Slum dwellers will have to content themselves with living in nice new garden cities, and farm labourers will have to face up to having roofs over their heads.

Or so I earnestly believe.

What I don't quite understand is whether the town is going to be turned into country, or the country into towns, or both, or whether we are going to build in height or breadth. On the whole I am in favour of making the towns consist of small houses with gardens, and the country of tall blocks of flats surrounded by fields, but even so I have to decide where to put the factories and prisons down, and where to get the asylums and offices in.

But part of the reconstruction will be quite easy. When the large town houses are destroyed (because there will be no domestic staffs to run them) the flats can be shaved off layer by layer and used for houses. And many of the large country mansions can be quite easily converted into farm labourers' flats. This is only a rough outline of my idea. I am quite ready to build in wood or concrete, in bricks, in stone, and in any style of architecture desired, and to convey material from one part of England to another as soon as the peace-treaty is signed.

But it would have been better, as I said before, to build all houses on wheels.

EVOE.

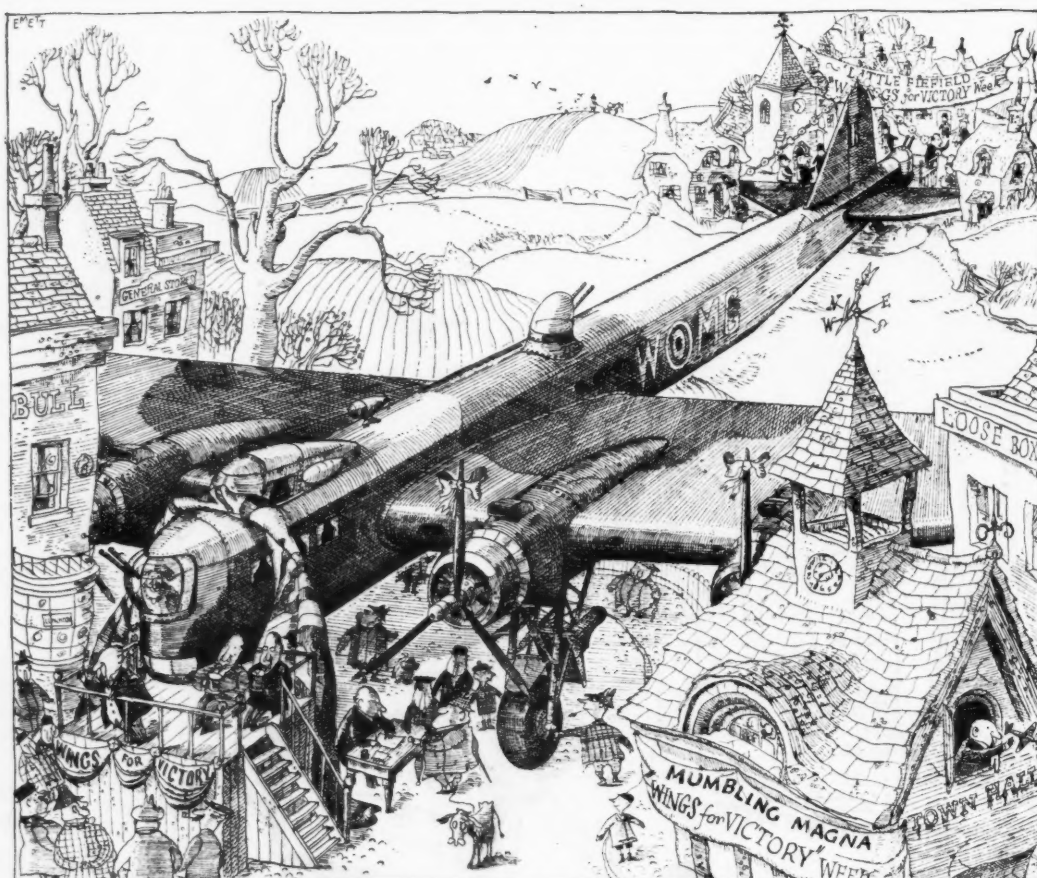
Sinner

COME, Muse! Inspire my pen to laud
A character that stands alone,
To wit, the most engaging fraud
Of all the dogs I've ever known!
Consummate actor, he appeals
With soft unspoken dialogue
To share—your heart?—no, no, your meals—
His idol is the inner dog.
With well-assumed humility,
With pleading paws and heartfelt sighs,
How soulfully he'll gaze at me
With all his stomach in his eyes!
And what poetic heights he'll touch
(I fancy they've been touched before)—
"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not dinner so much more!"
And yet, despite these trickeries,
Employed to serve his private ends,
I love him for the Pig he is—
Not for the Poet he pretends.



PORTRAIT OF A SOLDIER

"Who is the happy warrior, who is he?"
How different from what he used to be!



A Keen Sense of Humour

ONCE at an interview (in the days when one applied for jobs instead of receiving deputations) I was asked whether I had a sense of humour. Shocked and embarrassed, I said No.

Afterwards I felt that I had not done myself justice and wrote to the interviewing board to explain. Had they meant, I asked, Did I take away chairs just as managing directors were going to sit down? Or had they meant, Do I laugh gaily when the wind blows my hat off? Because I don't.

On the other hand, if they meant, Was I the stilted sort who could be moved to laughter only by having the soles of my feet tickled?—then the answer was No. My letter was not answered, but I often picture the gay jester of a fellow who managed to satisfy the board.

My nephew, aged five, taught me a lesson in this line. I said to him in a jolly avuncular voice, "The sun is so

hot it's roasting you. When you're quite done on one side we'll turn you over, and then we'll eat you for dinner."

He looked scared for a minute and then said kindly, "I suppose that that's a sort of joke."

Yet he is not altogether deficient in this quality, as he roared with laughter when I had mumps. Would that, I wonder, entitle him to say Yes to the board?

A recent popular song helps me in my studies. It goes, "Yeecoo've got a sense of humour, and humour is death to romance." I like that. It nails it down. We now have it in black-and-white that if you're romantic you have no s of H, so that we can cut out all lovers of the screen and stage, hair-dressers and window-cleaners.

As a personal recommendation it's safer also to have wives, cooks and office boys without this quality—and, I rather think, undertakers.

To get a reputation it is not sufficient to laugh uproariously at others. You have to raise a laugh, and make it quite clear that you are being funny too. Otherwise they think it's a mistake.

There's a lot to be said for the cheap novel which claps any witticism with "... she said with a trace of humour." That ensures that the quick reader registers the joke as he hurries through his quota of pages, while the slow reader thinks "This is a humorous book."

Once I fancied myself as a dry old stick. I was asked what was in some petrol-drums and said "Stick your head in and see." My friend went away and told all his friends, adding slyly that the opening is only four inches in diameter, so how did I think that I could get my head inside?

Now all his friends call me "Drums" and have done so for years. The board would say they had a keen sense of humour.

The Zone of Abominable Nutmegs

THE man who came round to tell us about the new nutmegs zoning scheme got a shock when my Aunt Tabitha opened the door.

It was partly his own fault, for when he heard the door open he did not raise his eyes from his book, but poised his pencil over it and said "Name?"

Aunt Tabitha instantly tapped off her cigar-ash on to the open page and boomed "What do you mean, name?"

The promise of a fiasco or a modicum of chaos brought the rest of us all eagerly running from every nook and cranny of the house into the hall, so that when the man looked up, startled, he was confronted by the sight of a sweet faded woman with flashing eyes, in her shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigar, while from all around peered faces (with a strong and indeed thunderous family resemblance) of all the more unwelcome and unwelcoming kinds.

"I have come," he somewhat hesitantly began, "under the nutmegs scheme."

Aunt Tabitha roared "I can well believe that you would not have dared to call under any less comprehensive and serviceable an umbrella. All right then, boy—give us the bad news. We have to put up with your nutmegs in future, is that it?"

"Nowhere in the town will you find a better nutmeg than mine," said the man indignantly.

Aunt Tabitha gave an incredulous grunt and her eldest great-grandfather, peering round the door, asked curiously "Who else have you got, hey?"

"In this road alone," the man complacently replied, "my customers include Messrs. Gibb-Bohum (pronounced *jib-boom*), Beaux-Esprits (pronounced *bowsprits*), St. Coupeur (pronounced *scupper*), and Bel-Âge (pronounced *bilge*)."

Disapprovingly Aunt Tabitha commented "We have no nautical surnames here. Unless you count the cook, who claims to be descended from the Edgbaston branch of the Foretopgallantsails (spelt *F-o-c-s-l-e*) and treads so far along the path of buoyancy as to have come from County Cork. However, I presume you will have to put up with us just as we shall have to put up with you. Any objection, boys and girls?" she inquired, half turning round.

Her fat uncle, who was standing at her side, said in an off-hand manner "None of this really affects me at all. Nutmegs is—"

"Are," her thin uncle cut in sharply from halfway up the stairs.

"—is one—"

"—are one."

"Among the things I am doing without in my pursuit of what, if not complete austerity, may perhaps be called utility austerity," Aunt Tabitha's fat uncle began again, creeping up on the verb from another less exposed position on his flank, "is—"

"Are."

"All right, then. Are what is—"

"Is what are," said Aunt Tabitha's thin uncle.

Her fat uncle cast his glasses to the floor in a passion and bellowed "I mean nutmegs!"

"We guessed it," said her thin uncle with a superior look.

The man at the door seized this chance to leap in with the inquiry "How many in household will be requiring nutmegs?"

A counting of heads began: some were counted, the remainder shaken. When the number was finally agreed upon, he repeated in disappointment: "Only thirteen?"

Aunt Tabitha's eldest great-grandfather peered round

the door again and said "Will nothing satisfy you, man? Do you want this place to be knee-deep in nutmegs?"

"Gather ye nutmegs while ye may," broke in a deep voice from behind a bunch of walking-sticks in the corner, but the rest of us took no notice of this.

"Oh, very well," the man said at length in a dissatisfied manner, and he made a note. "The scheme is only in its initial stages, but remember, when you come to me gasping for nutmegs—"

"Speaking of initial stages," one of the cousins home on leave observed to another, "I trust the fellow's writing is reasonably legible. Recently it was some time before I could make out from the inscription on an official document whether I was to be Returned to Unit or made a Railway Transport Officer."

"R.T.O., Claude?"

"No, R.T.U., Cecil."

Meanwhile Aunt Tabitha had been giving the man a round of abuse. "So far from our gasping for your abominable nutmegs," she now concluded at the top of her voice, "you may gasp for ours!" and she slammed the door.

"You forget, girl," her thin uncle reminded her from the stairs. "We do not possess any abominable nutmegs. If we did, I trust that we should bury them before they wrang a gasp from such as he."

"It is impossible to ring gasps," declared Aunt Tabitha's grandmother, or Grammar, "and only on the last three Sundays have the new regulations made it allowable to ring bellows."

"Blow bellows," corrected Aunt Tabitha's youngest great-grandfather. "Inhale gasps."

But already, scenting an argument about the English language, the rest of us were beginning to drift away, eager to get back to our war-work of extracting the natural sugar from rhubarb. I have said enough, nevertheless, to explain why, from that day to this, not a single nutmeg has been allowed to diversify the manifold (albeit squat) prongs of our grater.

R. M.

SOCKS

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It may comfort you to know that my favourite pair of socks bears the cheery label of your Comforts Fund.

"These socks were given to me in the beginning of the war and served through the Flanders campaign and more than twelve months of trapesing across deserts in the Middle East. The wool is matted and apparently quite hole-proof, in fact I feel that a testimonial parodying the old Pears Soap tramp advertisement is their just due—something in the lines of 'since then I have worn no other.'

"Thank you, Mr. Punch."

(Signed) G. W. A., Capt.

In answer to a request for permission to publish the above we received the following:

"As the Duke of Wellington would say:—

'Publish and be blessed.'

Donations will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

At the Pictures

"LITTLE HUMPBACK HORSE" "69TH PARALLEL" (THE TATLER)

THE Russian films at the Tatler in Charing Cross Road are always worth seeing, both for their own sake and as a means to a better understanding of Russian temperament and character. Based on an old Russian fairy-tale, *Little Humpback Horse* opens with a scene in which the mighty Czar Afon (V. GUT), ruler of a far-off land beyond great mountains and vast seas, is listening to his minstrel as he sings of a beautiful princess, *Silver Morning*, daughter of the Silver Moon. It would be interesting to know whether in the original story the Czar is as abject, ludicrous and senile as in the film. Probably he is, for fairy-stories, springing like egalitarian political philosophy out of the fancies and longings of the poor and oppressed, have always exalted youth and poverty and humbled riches, power and old age.

The hero of the film is *Ivan* (I. ALEJNIKOV), the youngest son of an old shepherd. A trespasser has been trampling down the shepherd's corn, and the shepherd tells *Ivan* and *Ivan's* elder brothers, a pair of comically repulsive rascals, to keep watch in the cornfields. *Ivan's* mind is full of *Silver Morning*, for the Czar has offered a rich reward to the man who finds her. In an exquisite little scene, which evokes the peculiar dream atmosphere of a fairy story, *Ivan* sings of the beauty of *Silver Morning* while the corn waves above him in the moonlight. This is the best moment in the film. The adventures of *Ivan* after the *Little Humpback Horse* bears him away in search of *Silver Morning* allow of many ingenious and surprising effects. He stands on the palm of a giant in the kingdom of the Moon, he walks among strange fishes on the floor of the sea, he dives up out of the waves on to a cliff top, and he conjures *Silver Morning* out of the whale in whom she has been immured. But, as is usual in fairy stories, *Little Humpback Horse* lacks suspense in spite of all its marvels. It is a foregone

conclusion that *Ivan*, being young, poor and handsome, will get the princess, and that the Czar, being old, rich and ugly, will come to an unpleasant end. It is also a foregone conclusion that *Ivan*, seated on the

episodes which lead him to his desire. There is, of course, no irony in fairy stories; otherwise, one might have suspected that the somewhat robust charms of *Princess Silver Morning* (M. KOVALYOVA) were meant to point the contrast between dreams and reality.

69th Parallel is a brilliantly produced film of the struggle between the Allied fleets and the Nazis in the Arctic Ocean. It shows a convoy of transports, British and American, streaming over the skyline, Soviet warships moving to their assistance, and a bombardment from German planes, which, after a savage and prolonged duel, are finally beaten off. A good incidental touch was the dignified descent to safety of a Soviet mascot, a Polar bear.

"THE BLACK SWAN" (ODEON)

Jamie Waring (TYRONE POWER), the hero of this film, is a pirate of the Spanish Main. *Lady Margaret Denbigh* (MAUREEN O'HARA), daughter of the governor of Jamaica, attracts him at first sight; he attempts to kiss her, and when she resists knocks her senseless, and swings her over his shoulder. Meeting some fellow-pirates, he strides away with them, letting the unconscious girl fall to the ground—an incident which provoked a good deal of laughter among the audience. They meet again, he resumes his courtship and she lays him out with a handy stone. Somewhat later he gags her, abducts her from her father's house, and takes her to sea. Touched by the unexpected forbearance he shows in what had seemed to her a very unpromising situation, she begins to melt, and, after he has displayed his heroic qualities on an extensive scale, she falls into his arms, murmuring "*Jamie Boy!*" Technically the film is well done. One may mention particularly the surprise attack on a walled town with which the story opens, and a later meeting of two pirate ships. But the mixture of lust, brutality and maudlin sentiment makes a whole which, had it been presented as a typical specimen of Nazi taste, would doubtless have affected the audience much less pleasurably than it did.

H. K.



[Little Humpback Horse

PEGASUS

Ivan I. ALEJNIKOV

late Czar's throne, will live happily afterwards in no less sumptuous a style than his predecessor. Lacking suspense, the film would have been more effective had it been shorter, for its charm is in the young man's dreams of future happiness not in the over-elaborated and somewhat pantomimic

pirates, he strides away with them, letting the unconscious girl fall to the ground—an incident which provoked a good deal of laughter among the audience. They meet again, he resumes his courtship and she lays him out with a handy stone. Somewhat later he gags her, abducts her from her father's house, and takes her to sea. Touched by the unexpected forbearance he shows in what had seemed to her a very unpromising situation, she begins to melt, and, after he has displayed his heroic qualities on an extensive scale, she falls into his arms, murmuring "*Jamie Boy!*" Technically the film is well done. One may mention particularly the surprise attack on a walled town with which the story opens, and a later meeting of two pirate ships. But the mixture of lust, brutality and maudlin sentiment makes a whole which, had it been presented as a typical specimen of Nazi taste, would doubtless have affected the audience much less pleasurably than it did.



[The Black Swan

PIECES OF EIGHT AND ALL THAT

Henry Morgan LAIRD CREGAR
Jamie Waring TYRONE POWER
Tommy Blue THOMAS MITCHELL

Education

"THERE's a deal o' talk naow," observed Ben Bonathan, "about 'eddicat'ion—an' mighty glad I be to 'ear ut. For I be one as bleeves in eddicat'ion, bein' as 'ow I'm a eddicat'ed man meself. An' I've a-seen a gurt load o' trouble come about thru folk not bein' taught proper. There's them as lukes down on book-learnin', like as if 'twadn't no manner o' use. But I knaws different. Luke at Josh Gapper naow! There's a chap as idden no better than a idjut. An' why? 'Cause 'e idden eddicat'ed—that's why!"

I suggested that Josh Gapper, though conspicuously lacking in normal intelligence, was at any rate harmless. But Ben Bonathan took me up sharply on this point.

"Naow that's just what folk say!" he pursued. "But that there idden true. Chaps like that du a sight more 'arm than what anyone knaws—an' specially in war-time."

He pointed at me with his pipe-stem. "Yu mind 'ow they told us the enemy be always droppin' some new kind o' bomb or mine or summat, an' 'ow us 'as got tu be careful of auspicious objicks, an' report 'em like? Well, us 'ad one o' they old things, I reckoned, up the creek tu Tovey Tavy. 'Twuz brung up by the tide—see?—an' when the water went down, there 'twuz, right by Mrs. Endicott's cottage on the shore.

"My senses guide me!" says Mrs. Endicott. "What ever shall us du naow then? 'Tis a gashly objick! Us'll all be blawed up vor sartin!"

"Doan't yu fash your 'ade," I told 'er. "Let 'un bide naow, an' doan't yu touch 'un. I'll go down 'long an' see if Tom Warren's on juty."

"What was this object like?" I asked. "'Twuz a syllogical objick," Ben explained mysteriously, "an' 'twuz stuck fast in the mud, see? 'Twould be all right so long as 'twadden interfered with, I reckoned. But as soon as the old tide come in again, 'twould start bumpin' 'er about—see?—an' then dear knaws what might 'appen. So avore I went down 'long tu the police station I wrote a notice on a bit o' cardboard, tu warn folk like, an' I propped 'un up agin the objick.

"While I wuz away tu fetch Tom Warren, down come Josh Gapper tu Mrs. Endicott's, an' 'er showed 'im what I'd a-done. 'Why,' says the durn fool, 'that idden no use. 'Twill get blawed away in a minute—lend us your 'ammer an' some nails!'"



"I didn't realize this was only a practice."

"Will yu bleeve me when I tells yu that there silly woman let that chap 'ave 'em, an' 'e goes an' nails my notice tu the objick?"

"Course, as it turned out, 'twuz 'armless, or they two 'ud a bin blawed tu bits. 'Tis all along o' they not being eddicat'ed proper, yu see."

"What had yu put on the piece of cardboard?" I asked.

"'Twuz a notice I'd wrote out, very careful, warnin' folk tu keep clear when the tide come in. 'When this objick is under water,' 'er said, 'tis dangerous tu approach.'"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious
"SINKINGS ARE LOWER"
Daily Express.

"Motor tyres that have a pleasant taste and chew like a strongly-flavoured gum are being made in America."

Manchester Evening News.

And now for a vintage petrol.

Lease-Lend in the Kitchen

"YEASTLESS BREAD—4 ozs. rice; 1 oz. sultanas; 1 oz. treacle; 1 pint milk (powder milk); 1 dessert spoon fat; grated nutmeg.

"OLD-FASHIONED RICE PUDDING—1 lb. flour; 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda; 2 small teaspoons cream of tartar; 1 teaspoon sugar; 1 small teaspoon salt; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk."

New Health.



"Ask your teacher to explain this point after the broadcast."

The Phoney Phleet

XVIII—H.M.S. "Pea Soup"

THE axis, nodal point or hub
Around which in the Gadget's Club
All intellectual life revolved,
Was in the bar. Here were resolved
The global problems of the day;
Here Surgeon-Captain Spleen held sway,
Paymaster-Captain Purser and
Commander (E) George Syme. This band
Of warmed-up relics of the sea
Pronounced on major strategy
Whenever they could spare the time
From masticating gin-and-lime;
And here Commander S. conceived
Those brain-waves which, as he believed
Each time, were bound to win the war.

This evening in particular
The talk had turned to smoke-screens. These,
It seemed, had grave deficiencies;
Above all, that the merest puff
Of wind could blow away the stuff,
Leaving your ships, etc., bare.

George pondered this; and soon the air
For miles around his house was filled
With artificial cloud that killed
All minor wild life, and with fogs
That did no lasting good to dogs.
But, happily, before he could
Depopulate the neighbourhood
To any very marked extent,
He finished the experiment
And, taking lifesize samples, he
Departed for the Admiralty.

Once there it didn't take him long
To show their lordships what was wrong;

One whiff, and everybody cried
"O.K., old boy, we're on *your* side!"
In fact within a month or less
They allocated H.M.S.
Pea Soup for his especial use
And told him if she could produce
One tithe of what he'd put *them* through,
The war was over. Hitherto
Syme's schemes had been too good to be
Quite true: now, on the contrary,
This was too true to be quite good.
You ask me (and I thought you would)
Just what that means?

Well, then, his ship
Made her experimental trip
As escort to a convoy bound
From Plymouth Hoe to Plymouth Sound;
A shortish run, but long enough
To let him do his funny stuff.
At zero hour 0115
He started putting out the screen;
By 0127 all
The ships were covered with a pall
Of thick asphyxiating smoke
That made the party nearly choke,
But, all the same, concealed them so
That not a living soul could know
The craft were there. A stiffish gale
Was powerless to rend the veil
Nor could the dimmest drop of light
Get through the *Pea Soup's* ersatz night.
Complete success! The Commodore
Made wireless signals to the shore
Telling the Admiralty how
The apparatus was a wow;
He then congratulated Syme,
Regretting that there wasn't time
To see much more of it that day,
And would he clear the stuff away?
They must be off.

This mild request,
Urbane, and charmingly expressed,
Surprisingly turned George bright gules—
It wasn't in the book of rules.
He'd concentrated all he knew
On hiding everything from view
And, having done so, making sure
It stayed immutably obscure.
He'd done it. Only too darned well!
The ships groped round this inky hell;
They couldn't see each other's lights,
The pilots couldn't take their sights:
They couldn't find out where they were;
They couldn't even breathe the air:
Lost, gassed, adrift, ten miles from shore.

No wonder that the Commodore
Put up an all-ranks all-time high
In language! "Where the blank am I?
You blank!" he radioed to Syme,
"Where have we gone? What is the time?
Explain! Report! Or are you dumb?
Why are we here? Where have we come?
Blank! Repetition Blank! My prayer
Is just this: never, anywhere,

To see your blank blank face again!"
 All this caused Syme the greatest pain
 But what could he do? Weeks went past
 And then deliverance came at last;
 A flash of lightning struck their cloud
 And it exploded in a loud
 And very strongly-scented way.
 They looked up, and behold, Bombay!

H. J. Talking

WHEN I go for a walk, observant to an unusual degree is what I am. On my return I can repeat not only the names of the roads but also the numbers of the houses, and this I always insist on doing, be the opposition what it may. I fully agree with those who say that a full life depends on mastery of detail. Few men, for instance, read their tram-tickets carefully: I, however, not only do so but take copies for reference, and if the journey is too short to enable me to do this properly I pay a further fare. Most tram-tickets are rather technical reading, but I once found some with personal advertisements on them like notices of births, marriages and deaths, political slogans, and a correspondence which ran for weeks and caused me to go many journeys to keep up with the latest developments in it. It was between two people called Cuddles and Prosper Merryweather, L.L.B., and was all about a disagreement they had had over her thinking he didn't think about what she thought, and very elaborate were the terms of reconciliation finally agreed between them, involving his undertaking to take her aunt on a scenic railway, to abstain from taking snuff while dancing with her, and to read *Gone With the Wind*.

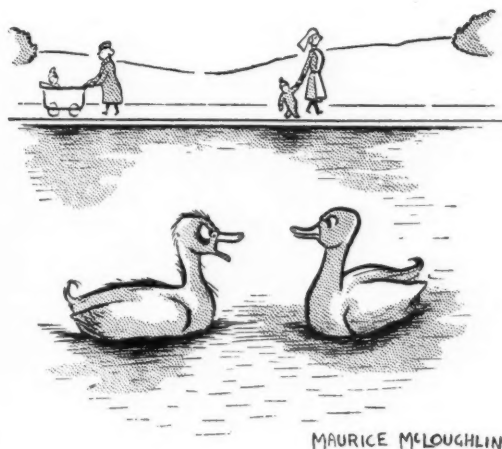
One of my favourite walks takes me past the ruins of a castle where once Henry III held high revel, this also being held at later dates by Henry VI, Henry VIII and, in a modified way, by Queen Victoria. The Great Hall is still roofed and houses the museum, where you may see a collection of finger-prints of local interest made by a retired superintendent of police, a working model of Gladstone chewing each mouthful thirty-two times before swallowing, and a copy of *Paradise Lost* containing a misprint much admired by bibliophiles. To fill up the rest of the space there are empty cases with a card in each saying "Under Rearrangement". There is also a secret passage which leads on to the platform of the railway station. It is a very long secret passage indeed—so long, in fact, that it is very little used except by porters of an antiquarian turn of mind, and they generally use bicycles.

I suppose that this station is one of the few in the country where the refreshment-rooms include sleeping accommodation, this being necessary owing to the uncertainties of the service. When a train makes the offing, messages are sent to intending travellers, provided they have left their addresses when buying tickets; but some prefer to sleep on the premises as being more matey. An aged relative of the station-master has the job of wheeling a trolley up and down and selling things to people on the expresses. When they first stop they rather disdain his wares, but he has an arrangement with the signalman who, in return for a slice of the profits, holds up the train until good business has been done, and after an hour or so trade usually becomes brisk. This relative is rather an autocratic salesman and sometimes refuses to sell any food until all the merchandise he wants to unload has been disposed of, this creating a market for coke and the like.

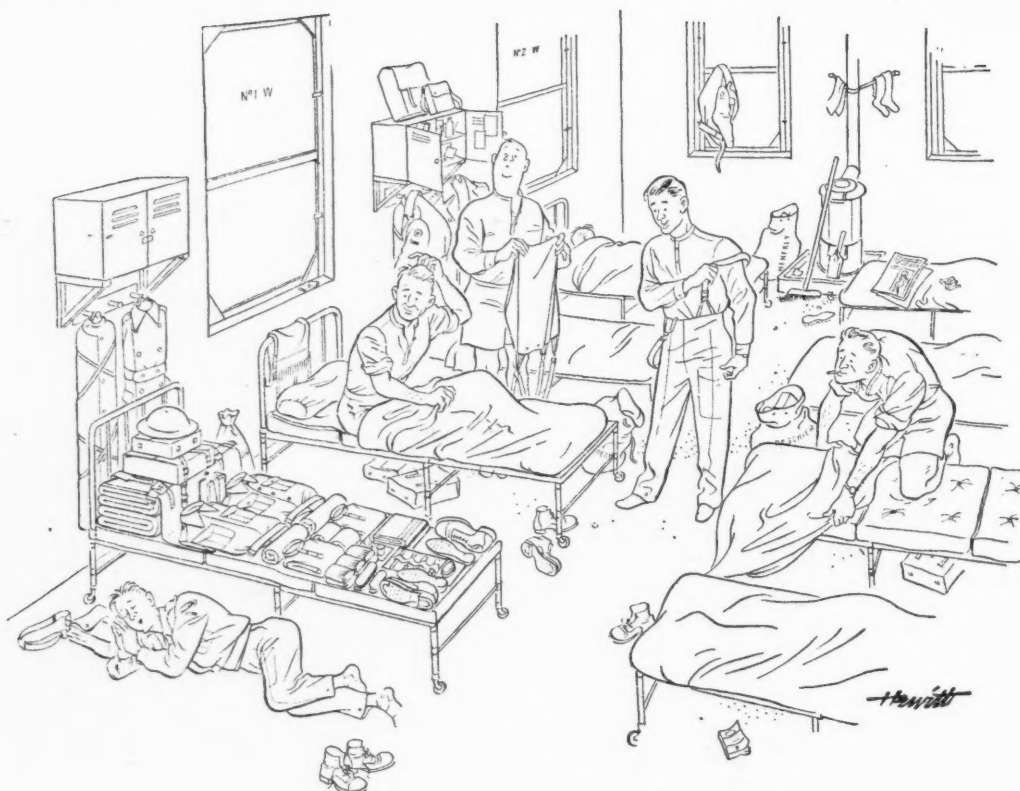
Many people think that the good life can best be lived by lock-keepers, as these have so easy a time there is plenty of opportunity for reflection. However, in this argument there are two fallacies—lock-keepers have strenuous careers and reflection does not always lead to virtue. First fallacy surveyed: lock-keepers are always having to break off trains of thought to open or close their locks. This they cannot do while concentrating on higher things, as they must always remember technical details, such being which way the river flows and which end is higher than the other. However, this is not all. They must keep track of payments and be skilled in repartee or else they get the reputation for surliness, and navigators make a circuit round them by land, this leading to a rapid loss of prestige. Second fallacy surveyed: Contemplation leads not only to purity but also to crime. Most of the better criminals are noted for scheming and planning. Uncharitable thoughts and low ideas flourish in leisure. Satan, it has been alleged, finds work for idle hands to do, and it is therefore all to the good that lock-keepers should be kept busy. I am therefore in favour of maintaining a continual stream of traffic on waterways, and those benevolently inclined towards their fellow-men can, in my opinion, do nothing better than boat or barge. If a river freezes there is of course a danger that lock-keepers will degenerate; but they could surely be enrolled as toll-keepers, and those who wished them well could drive vehicles up and down the ice. The difficulty seems to me quite, quite trivial.

This year on my birthday Mrs. Oscar's boy presented me with a poem he had written; and, what is more, he had it tattooed on him so that now, whenever we are entertaining, he will suddenly strip and invite the company to read it. Unfortunately, owing to pimples the punctuation has been altered, and I give the poem as it was originally handed to me:

Across the perils of the years
 Man forges through this vale of tears.
 Unstopped by famine, storm and flood,
 Disease and riot, toil and blood,
 The hardy human race survives
 Even the virtues of its wives.



"Every time I go near the bank I get pelted with potatoes."



"He's been like that ever since the officer praised his kit."

On the Agricultural Front

I AM wondering what I shall do this year. Last summer I drove a horse-rake. Every time I think of it I laugh. I expect you have one, Britains used to make quite good models before the war. In case yours is broken it is a contraption with a lot of iron question-marks upside down and over them an iron seat. The idea of the seat came to the inventor during a nightmare. In front and to the right of this main trouble are a foot-pedal and a hand-lever (both of iron). When the machine is in motion the queries scratch along the ground picking up most of the hay, which is dropped in a neat heap by pressing the pedal with the foot and lifting the lever with the right hand. This causes the lever to come back with a resounding crack on the right forearm. As you let go your foot slips and the pedal clouts your ankle. By this time you have overlooked a quantity of hay, so when you

think you have finished you will have to go back and gather it in, as anyone a mile off can see that the field has not been properly raked.*

The horse pulling the rake is old. This job is reserved for horses whose gait is slow so that the exquisite torture of every bump can be transmitted via the iron to the driver. I remember I began the morning in Champion style, singing "Any Old Iron," and finished it drinking beer out of a bottle, standing up. Next day the farmer brought a sack along and said, "Stuff it with hay, it'll make it easier."

I tried driving Colonel (I couldn't bring myself to give the old boy his county name, which was Urnel—grunted as from the boots up) from the ground, but found it was impossible to work the lever.

I remember how all the haymakers,

in jolly old English style, gathered at the gateway to see me drive my rake from one field to another. The wheel-span of a rake is about twice the width of any known field-gate, so I did the only possible thing and took the gate-post along. It was absolutely rotten and came away quite easily. How the regulars laughed to see it go down! I've no doubt they had been nagging the farmer to put a new one there for years. This made me very popular—this and the beer I bought.

Yes, looking back, I thoroughly enjoyed myself, but this year I think I'm going to pick fruit. It makes my mouth water.

* * * * *

(I have just opened my post and a friend has written to say he knew a man who fell forty feet out of a cherry-tree and was about and up again next day—so that decides it.)

*O.E. for raked.



A CHAMPION POUR RIRE

"Have no fear! I am here to protect you from the Eagle and the Bear!"

[A speaker on the Berlin radio has recently announced to the world: "We are in fact defending Britain herself against American and Bolshevik domination whether she likes it or not."]

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, May 4th.—House of Lords: Homes for Heroes are Discussed.

House of Commons: The Same Again.

Wednesday, May 5th.—House of Commons: After the Calm.

Thursday, May 6th.—House of Commons: The Current is Switched Off.

Tuesday, May 4th.—Parliament is very like a school. Here, to-day, the boys were all back at work after the Easter hols, and they were in one of those tolerant moods sometimes dreamed of by Ministers (and school-masters) but rarely realized. Quite mild quips won loud cheers, and Ministers got away with answers that would have caused a lively row before the holidays—and certainly will again soon.

However, your wise Minister (which of course includes all His Majesty's Present Advisers, as they are officially called) lives but for the day, and there were happy faces on the Treasury Bench, basking in the unwonted sunshine.

Mr. HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, has a pretty sense of humour, which he sometimes hides beneath a somewhat severe (not to say austere) exterior. But to-day—perhaps it was the Parliamentary sunshine that caused it—he came out into the open and got quite jovial.

There was some question about the manufacture of utility—er—undies, and Mr. DALTON used the expression “elderly people.”

“And what, pray,” inquired Sir JOSEPH LAMB, ominously aggressive-like, “is an elderly person?”

Mr. DALTON thought swiftly. Then he spoke up: “An elderly person,” said he comprehensively, “is one who prefers old-fashioned combinations, long pants, and vests with long sleeves.”

Sir JOSEPH nodded his bald head with a satisfaction plainly suggesting that his taste in underwear is exotic and super-modern.

Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister, looks on Mr. RICHARD STOKES as a kind of “Doctor Fell”—except that he is probably not in the least doubt why he does not like him. So when Mr. STOKES made a few remarks on the subject of how different the war would have been had his bright ideas been adopted long ago (a favourite topic of his) Sir JAMES tartly retorted that he “was not prepared to accept—to put it mildly—what Mr. STOKES said.”

In a House which is considerably shocked if one Member accuses another of telling an “untruth” and insists on it being put that “the honourable and gallant gentleman the Member for Little Veracity would appear to be misinformed,” this would normally have caused a spot of bother, but Members merely smiled indulgently (Mr. STOKES dissenting) and Sir JAMES sat down unscathed.

Mr. STOKES did battle with Mr. CHURCHILL himself a little later, over a proposal that some neutral observer should be asked to verify any allegation that the enemy were using poison

statesmanship which led to the Polish-Soviet agreement of 1941 would again succeed in restoring friendship and smooth relations.

Very fervently Mr. CHURCHILL said “Hear, hear!”

One felt that, as so often before, he spoke for us all.

The House went on to talk about housing, Lord WINTERTON, who knows his countryside so well, making a strong plea for more houses for rural workers. Many other Members added their pleas for many other houses for many other workers, and then Mr. ERNEST BROWN, Minister of Health, who is perhaps the best winder-up of debates on the Government Bench, showed that he knew it all before the speakers mentioned it. Moreover he had done a good deal to undo wrongs, to see that justice prevailed.

He plans to recondition 40,000 badly “blitzed” houses, and revealed that he had made wide use of his powers to close towns to casual lodgers when war-workers are short of lodgings. The House, clearly surprised at the way in which the Minister had quietly got on with the job, cheered . . . and let well alone.

Over in their lordships' House, there was another debate on housing, Lord ADDISON, with Lord BEAVERBROOK as second-in-command, launching a Commando attack on the Government because of failure to build more country workers' houses. Lord BEAVERBROOK made the announcement that the Ministry of Agriculture had one typist for every cow kept in the country. This apparent revelation that the bovine species cannot now work without secretarial aid (rather as the professional bulls and bears of pre-war Stock Exchange days surrounded themselves with staffs) surprised the House. There must be an end to farming by bureaucracy, said Lord BEAVERBROOK. Nothing much came of the debate.

Wednesday, May 5th.—The second day back, in Parliament as in school, is notoriously apt to be “difficult.” The Commons to-day lived up to tradition, and Members were distinctly liverish.

Major MONTAGUE LYONS does not often conduct a blitz against Ministers, but when he does he does not leave things to chance, and he could teach even the R.A.F. a thing or two. To-day he had a go at Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, the Air Minister (making one of his rare personal appearances), and then, in swift succession, Mr. PHILIP NOEL-BAKER, of the War Transport Ministry. Mr. NOEL-BAKER was told crisply that some situation he revealed



“ABE” WINTERTON

“There has been for some years in this country a prejudice against wooden houses. . . . In the United States, to say that a man has been born and brought up in a log cabin is almost the highest tribute one can pay to him.”—Lord Winterton.

gas. Britain would not take retaliatory action until it was plain that the enemy had first offended, said Mr. CHURCHILL, and then—grimly—we should not seek the aid of any neutral.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, the Foreign Secretary, made a rather wistful statement about the disagreement between the Soviet and Polish Governments over the alleged murder of some thousands of Polish officers. This quarrel between Allies clearly causes the British Government great distress, and there were loud cheers for Mr. EDEN's hope that Herr Doktor JOSEF GOEBBELS, HITLER's astute mischief-maker, would not be given a present of a ready-made “crisis.” He hoped the



"Don't worry, Sir—you're not in my way."

was "really not good enough," and appeared duly abashed.

Then Mr. GEORGE HICKS, of the Ministry of Works, was led to the block of correction. He failed punctually to keep his rendezvous with Fate (and Major LYONS) and received from the Major a glance that would have made a Guards R.S.M. go pale with suppressed anxiety. Having listened to the answer with what is known as "ill-concealed impatience," the Major hurried back to the comparative peace of his military duties, to the manifest relief of the Treasury Bench.

Mr. HICKS, by the way, explained one of the minor mysteries of war-time London: Why are the ornate gates of the parks retained, and ceremoniously locked each night, when the railings which surround the said parks are now posing as shells and tanks and things?

The answer is that were the gates not there, traffic might pass into the parks after nightfall. Which, of course, would sabotage the entire war-effort.

Mr. OLIVER LYTTETON, Production Minister, was explaining (apparently

with regret) that there were gaps in the chain of committees which does something about supply—or not, as the case may be. Individualist Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON inquired whether the Minister knew that it was solely through those gaps in the chain that the private manufacturer found it possible to get on with the job of production.

Mr. LYTTETON (as they say in the Official Report) indicated dissent.

The debate for the day was a long, no doubt important, but extremely complicated discussion on the Hydro-Electric Power Bill, which is designed to harness the waters of the Scottish lochs and make them suffer for being so beautiful.

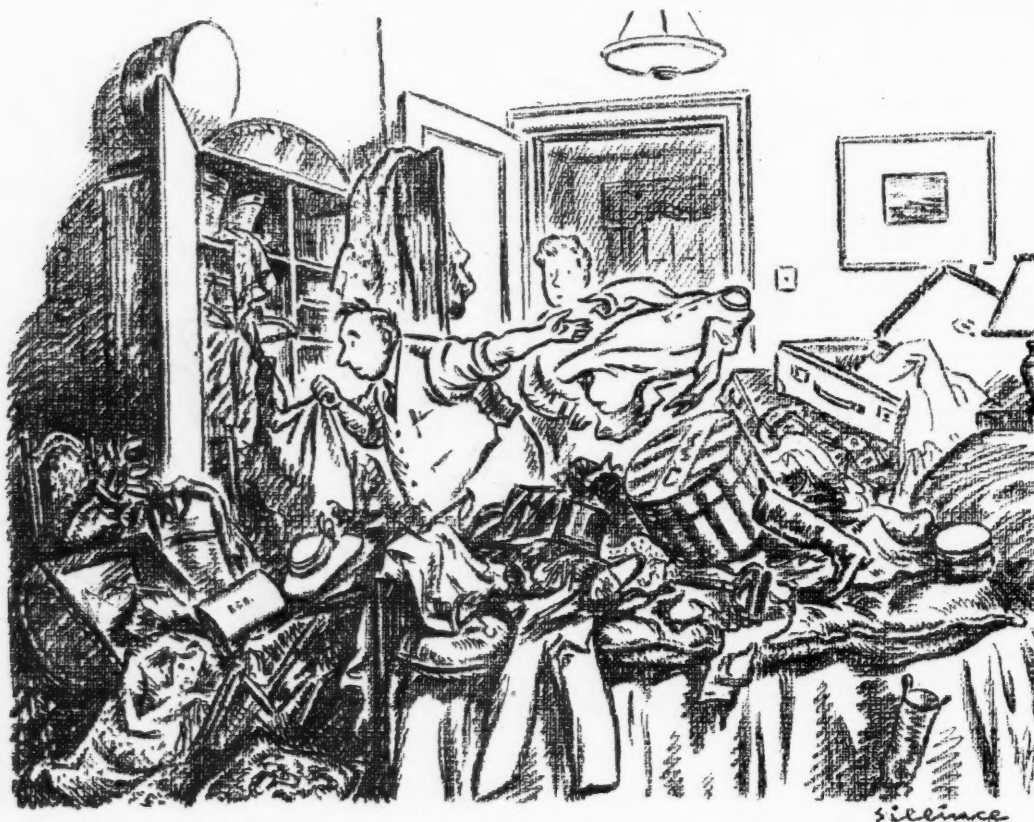
Thursday, May 6th.—The discussion on the Hydro-Electric Bill went on . . . and on. Mr. TOM JOHNSTON, Scottish Secretary—with one arm in a sling as the result of a cycling accident (how democratic are these days!)—eventually switched off the debate and got a Second Reading of the Bill. The atmosphere was not so intensely electric as some people had imagined it might have been.

The Neutral Front

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your nice letter of employment for me and my two boys for the coming season which I and them willing asept but we will not be redy to come before the 10 of may to finish our little crops at home perhaps your shugar beat may be a little later I do predict it will be between the 10 or 15 of may and in regards to our fares and expences it will cost £6 a head or over because our expence is heavy we must stay two days in Dublin to get our permits wright Transport is verry difficult now owing to this Grate war our train is cut off our nearest railway servise is 30 miles distance from us so we have to employ a car to drive us to Ballina it will cost us £1 per head to Ballina by car and From Ballina to Sedgeford it cost £4 10s per Head However if you enquire at Sedgeford you will be told the correct Fare From Ballina to sedgeford per head

If you send a cheque with £15 it will do

Thanking you yours Faithfully



"I shouldn't bother to look for our gas-masks any longer if I were you, dear, they're sure to be in good condition."

Little Talks

WHAT's the matter? You look as if Montgomery was after you.

I'm worn out. We've been electing new members to the Club.

Is that so very exhausting?

Yes. Well, we do the thing thoroughly, you see. There were seven candidates for two places, and that meant I don't know how many ballots.

Why?

Well, I don't know. It's the way we've always done it.

Quite.

What d'you mean—"Quite"?

Well, I met an R.A. the other day who was as done-up as you. He'd been taking part in the election of three or four new R.A.s, and I gathered it took them two or three days.

Well, that's not surprising. If you have a lot of candidates and only a few places, it's not so easy.

It's quite easy.

How?

Well, when I say "easy"—there's got to be some staff-work, of course. But it's quite unnecessary for the members to wear themselves to a shadow, as you and my R.A. have done.

All I can say is that the way we do it was thought out hundreds of years ago: and we've not yet seen any reason to alter it.

That, I quite agree, is very often a very good answer. I'm not for unnecessary change. And many of our "antiquated methods", when closely examined, turn out to be just as efficient and even "scientific" when set against the latest brain-wave from Bloomsbury or What-not. But I don't believe that that is the case in this case—if you'll pardon the expression.

Of course, old boy.

Well, tell me exactly what you had to do to elect your two new members—in this "thorough" old way.

Well, you see, as I said, there were seven candidates—

Can't have the names, I suppose? Hardly, old boy. Breach of confidence, you know. Club rules.

Quite. Well, let's call them Albert, Badger, Charlie, Doughnut, Elephant, Fahrenheit and George. What happened first?

Well, first of all we had a general vote. One vote each?

Yes.

What happened?

Charlie and Doughnut were top, we'll say. So we cut out the two bottom fellows and had another vote.

Why?

Well, you see, say Albert and Badger were bottom, some of the chaps who voted for Albert and Badger might have

voted for Charlie or Doughnut—or somebody else—if they'd known Albert and Badger were going to be bottom.

Extraordinary.

Nothing extraordinary about it, old boy. Just common sense.

I know. I meant it was extraordinary that such a thought should have occurred to your antiquated club.

No need to be offensive, old boy.

Sorry. What happened next?

Well, we had another ballot; and this time Charlie was first, Fahrenheit second (say), and Doughnut third. So we had another ballot.

Cutting out the last two again?

Yes.

That left three?

That's right. Well, this time Charlie was first, Doughnut second again and Fahrenheit third. But nobody had a two-thirds majority.

So nobody was elected?

No.

I see. What next?

We had another ballot. Charlie was still first and had a two-thirds majority. So he was elected. Doughnut was up to second again. We had another ballot for the second place.

What happened then?

Nothing. Neither had a two-thirds majority.

So you had another ballot?

Yes.

No wonder you're worn out.

Ah, but this time we did a little staff-work. We adjourned till to-day; and meanwhile a few of us went round and did a spot of work for old Andrews—I mean, Doughnut. After all, he's a very distinguished old boy, with one foot in the grave. He won't last long, and Fahrenheit will have lots of other chances. In fact, as Matthews said, elect Doughnut, and you get two entrance-fees instead of one.

I see. A little log-rolling.

Well, you know what I mean.

I do. Go on.

Well, on the next ballot old Doughnut got a thumping majority.

And was elected?

Yes.

Hooray!

Oh, well, of course, he had to be confirmed.

Confirmed? At his age? What d'you mean?

I mean, we had a final ballot—

To confirm the last ballot? To make quite sure that the members meant what they said?

That's right. I remember two or three chaps who were elected on the last ballot and put down on the confirmation. Christmas! What then?

We start again.

What a club!

Now, then!

Sorry, old boy. But, look here, in such a case, why don't you use some modern method!

The old methods are quite good enough for us.

But they take an enormous time, they leave you worn out and apparently they don't always get the right man elected.

Dear old boy, you're not proposing that we should play about with Proportional Representation or nonsense of that kind?

Not the more exotic forms of P.R., certainly. But something like the Preferential Vote—or Single Transferable Vote (I think they're the same thing)—would suit you down to the ground. As a matter of fact I'm not at all sure that it is P.R. It's just Fair Voting.

Maybe. But it's far too complicated, old boy.

Complicated? How many ballots do you say it took you to elect your two members?

I forget. Six or seven.

Well, if you'd done it the way I suggest you'd have had only one. And you'd have had precisely the same result—apart, perhaps, from the apparently improper election of Doughnut.

I don't see how. If you're going to transfer votes all over the place—

Listen. You have your seven candidates. I suppose all the members of your club can count?

Oh, yes. Most of them are bankers.

Well, you tell them to mark all the candidates—or some, if they like—in their order of preference. Doughnut (1) Albert (2) Elephant (3) and so on. Then, as the first of the two top names get a "quota"—I won't explain that now, but it amounts to a clear majority—they're elected, and that's the end of it. If not, you cut out the bottom fellow—or, if you like, as you did at the club, the bottom two—and distribute the second choices on their papers among the top five. And so on till two chaps have got a quota and are elected.

But, old boy, it all sounds dam' complicated.

The electric light or the wireless sound complicated if you start explaining them, but any fool can switch them on. And any fool can put 1, 2, 3, etc., against three or more names. At least, he can on a racecourse or a football pool. And that's all he has to do. Anything complicated—and there's nothing really complicated—has to be done by the committee—or in politics, the returning officer. All you have to do is to mark one ballot-paper—and

then you can go home. You don't have to hang about for hours doing ballot after ballot.

I see that, old boy. But I still don't quite see the point of it all.

The point is the point of your own antiquated and cumbrous arrangements—that every voter's vote shall be effective—that is, not wasted—that no one shall be elected on a minority vote (as two people have recently been elected to Parliament), and that only those shall be elected for whom most people would have voted in the first place if they had known that their own favourites hadn't a chance. The difference is that you've taken two days over it instead of two minutes.

I see. You mean that, without knowing it, we've been doing a sort of P.R. all the time.

You have—but in the worst possible way. That's the comical thing.

A. P. H.

R. N. V. R.

WE didn't know much of the sea,
The captain, the pilot and me;
The captain, in peace, was a
barrister's mate,
The pilot made corsets, and, strange
to relate,
I taught the lovelies of Mayfair to
skate;
We were a peculiar crew.

We grew rather fond of the sea
As we yarned in our mess after tea;
The captain told libellous tales of the
Law,
The pilot explained what the
debutantes wore,
While I described skating as seen from
the floor.

We got pretty good at the sea,
The captain, the pilot and me;
The captain learnt just how to come
alongside,
The pilot got frightfully good at the
tide,
And I found the guns were my joy and
my pride;
Now we're pretty hot stuff as a crew.

"There were about 300 people on the train, mainly men and women."

The Star.

That would be so, of course.

"HOSPITAL SHIP ALLEGATION. — The Japanese said that their Red Cross vessel Buenos Aires Maru."—Daily Telegraph.
Unconvincing.

At the Play

"PRESENT LAUGHTER"
"THIS HAPPY BREED"
(HAYMARKET)

LET us make our reservations here and now. Mark this, first of all, about Mr. COWARD. His sureness of touch is in direct proportion to the lightness of it. When it deserts him there is no doubt at all about the desertion. In the last scene of *This Happy Breed* we have to gaze at the spectacle of Mr. COWARD's own *Frank Gibbons* stating the case of John Citizen to a grandbaby in a pram. Are we carried away by the solemn eloquence about the all-importance of being English and keeping one's chin up? Not in the least: we are thinking all the time that (a) there isn't any baby in that unconvincing pram, and that (b) this sentimental dodge is being used rather too blatantly to put over a sententious message which (c) *Mr. Gibbons* could not have expressed nearly so clearly and articulately anyhow. Mr. COWARD's wit does not desert him even at this deplorable juncture. The baby, before the set speech, is stated to be dribbling at the mouth; and, after the speech, the grandfather observes: "That's stopped him dribblin' anyhow!" This flash very nearly, but not quite, condones the entire conclusion.

Another reservation is that Mr. COWARD does not wholly realize *Frank Gibbons*, though he comes delectably and even satisfyingly near. He is, for example, a shade too arbitrary with his aspirates. In his second scene this *Mr. Gibbons* says, almost all in one breath: "Here's hopin' any'ow. . . . Go on, 'op it!" In the fifth or sixth he says: "Ears like an 'awk, our Sylvia has." And in the scene at the end of the Second Act where he comes home "canned" after a late night, and his wife says he has wakened up the whole house, he answers: "You ain't a whole house, Ethel!" The point about *Frank* is that he knows his place, is fundamentally unpretentious, and therefore totally and blissfully in-aspirate. Let Mr. COWARD in his portrayal, therefore, jettison all those

aitches which creep into his speech in this part.

One other objection and we have done with complaints in the matter of these two entrancingly contrasted

remains the same red wallpaper throughout the twenty years of the play's course. Households far humbler than that of the *Gibbons* make it a point of honour to have the paper-hanger in once in three years at the least. Festoons of roses will be changed for sprigs of lilac every other spring-cleaning, even though famine impends and the ceiling fall. Mrs. CALTHROP's many ingenious markings of time, changes of ornament, even variations in the fadings and shadings left by pictures fallen down, unreplaced, or removed, are all of them largely discounted by this major fundamental improbability that the paper should stay the same.

But when these trifling defaultings and oversights have been noted, how much all-enveloping wit, address, and invention there remains to note and admire! And how irresistibly well—as we said at the beginning—it is all put over!

In *This Happy Breed* we may easily descry the memorable Cockney play-let, *Fumed Oak*, extended into a *Calvacade* without music. *Frank Gibbons* is recognizably that same young man with the venomous mother-in-law who defiantly threw his dinner on the floor in front of Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE disguised as a drudge. *Frank Gibbons* is none the worse for that resemblance, and — with the above-dwelled-upon reservations—Mr. COWARD plays him through the years of war, peace, crisis and war with the nicest intimations of fun, decency, tenderness, defiance, and an affectionateness which usually keeps to the comfortable side of sentimentality.

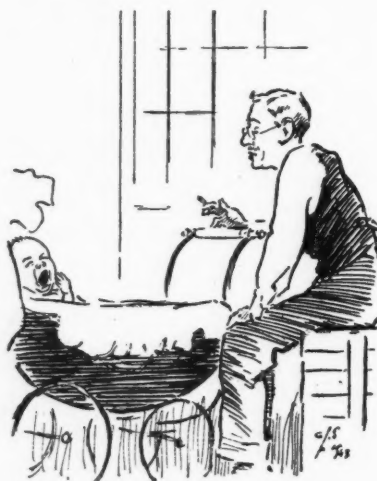
In *Present Laughter* Mr. COWARD is deliciously funny as a popular actor who, as his charming inalienable wife (Miss JOYCE CAREY) tells him, is "advancing with every sign of reluctance into middle age." He is pestered by a young playwright who is pimply with fixations (Mr. JAMES DONALD) and by a ravenously leopardess (Miss JUDY CAMPBELL). Both threaten to chase him to South Africa where he is booked for a tour, and his wife in a charming telephone scene preserves him from his pursuers. It is an engaging French-farical trifle, dazzlingly told. A. D.



DRESSING-DOWNS AND DRESSING GOWNS

Joanna Lyppiatt	MISS JUDY CAMPBELL
Liz Essendine	MISS JOYCE CAREY
Roland Maule	MR. JAMES DONALD
Garry Essendine	MR. NOEL COWARD

plays. Mrs. CALTHROP's settings and appointments are as arrestingly smart in *Present Laughter* as they are felicitously appropriate in *This Happy Breed*. Yet she makes one glaring mistake in the latter. The red wallpaper



GRANDPA'S SERMON—AN EYE-OPENER FOR BABY

Frank Gibbons . . . MR. NOEL COWARD

Tents

"**F**AR be it from me," said Lieutenant Simpson to Major Fibbing, "to criticize anything about the camp here. I realize that I am a comparative tyro in the Middle East."

"What do you mean, comparative?" asked Major Fibbing unpleasantly. Simpson forgave him because it was tinned sausages again for breakfast, and tinned sausages, after even a moderate amount of Australian beer the previous evening, are definitely bad for the nerves.

"When I was in the Boy Scouts," pursued Simpson, "I naturally did a lot of tent-pitching. I hope you won't think me immodest if I claim to be something of an expert on the subject. Personally, if I may say so, I don't think the tents in this camp are pitched very well."

The Major put his sausages out of sight behind the teapot, and spread marmalade thickly on his bread to drown the flavour of the butter.

"I've no objection to your messing about with the tents," he said, "if it will amuse you and keep you out of mischief. But I fancy you will have rather a job to get a fatigue-party out of the sergeant-major. The men are pretty fully occupied at the moment, with one thing and another."

Simpson sought out the white sergeant-major after breakfast, and the white sergeant-major sent for the native sergeant-major, and they discussed his request for a fatigue-party at great length in Swahili, which made Simpson suspicious, as they can both talk English when in the mood.

"What are you saying?" asked Simpson.

"We can only let you have five men, sir," said the white sergeant-major, "but they are picked men. And you can have Bomba as interpreter."

Simpson said that five men would be quite enough, but when he saw how carefully they had been picked he was not so sure. Three of them had just come out of hospital and the other two were waiting to go in.

"Tell them," said Simpson to Bomba, "that none of the tents is pitched properly, and that this morning we are going to take down the officers' mess tent and put it up again properly. If we make a good job of it the Major will be pleased, and he will let us take down all the tents in the camp and put them up again."

Bomba translated all this, but Simpson says that he instinctively felt



"O.K., Sergeant, I'll be down in a minute."

that it was received with a certain lack of enthusiasm. One very tall man named Nawama, in fact, started talking very fast to himself in Bulonga, but as even Bomba knew no Bulonga it was impossible to take any action, so Simpson contented himself with telling Nawama, through Bomba in Swahili, that if Nawama were saying what it sounded as if he were saying he would precious soon find himself on a charge.

Taking down the tent was fairly easy, the only complication being that Bomba in his excitement kept getting mixed up between "Hold on!" and "Let go!" so that in the end the whole thing collapsed with unexpected suddenness, and hearing the crash of breaking glass, Simpson realized that he had made a mistake in not removing our scanty supply of liquor from the mess before starting operations.

Getting the tent up again was more difficult, and Simpson only managed it by borrowing nine extra men from cook-house fatigues when the C.S.M.

was not looking, and transforming Bomba and himself into "working numbers."

At lunch time he asked the Major if he didn't think the tent looked more shipshape, but the Major just grunted and said he didn't notice any difference and where was the beer? So Simpson had to explain about the tent coming down suddenly, and that did not improve matters.

The climax came during lunch, when a sudden sandstorm struck the camp, and the mess-tent came down on the Major and Simpson just as they were about to tackle the soup. As it happened to be the Major's day for wearing a clean shirt and clean shorts, and the soup was of a rich green colour, the Major was distinctly annoyed.

Simpson, however, suspects sabotage in the person of Bomba.

"Otherwise," he says, "why should our mess be the only tent in the whole camp to come down?"



"The answer to the next question is Yes, by all means come up and have a swig at my carafe . . ."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Mayor of Narvik

THE story of the German invasion of Narvik told by its mayor would be worth reading even if it were written with as little distinction as most war-books. But the interest and attraction of Mr. THEODOR BROCH's *The Mountains Wait* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 10/6) derive at least as much from the intelligence, feeling and character of its author as from the exciting events he has to relate. The book opens with the impression Narvik made upon Mr. BROCH when he arrived there in 1930 with his wife. Behind them was the excitement of their student days in Oslo, when the whole world lay before them as a subject for endless discussion, and the little seaport as they saw it first from the slopes above the fjord chilled them after all their dreams. There was no theatre in the town, no art gallery, no symphony concerts, not even a lively café. The chief diversion was a walk up and down Street No. 1. "The walking tempo was slow and sedate; no one was rushed for time, no one was going anywhere in particular, and the street lasted longer at a slower pace." The young couple accepted their fate with courage and energy. While still in the twenties Mr. BROCH was elected mayor of the town, which became increasingly prosperous in the years leading up to the war. It was the port through which the iron ore from Sweden passed, and as Austria, the Sudetenland and Czechoslovakia fell successfully into Nazi hands, Narvik's gratification over the mounting flow of iron ore began to be mixed with uneasiness. In the autumn of 1938 Major Quisling visited Narvik and delivered a lecture in which he predicted the imminent collapse of the British Empire and the redemption of Norway, at present "raving in the night of liberalism." In the following summer there was a swarm of German tourists, who spent money freely and roamed the country with telescopes. But even after the

war had begun Narvik was not greatly disturbed. On April 8th, 1940, a British mercantile marine captain said to Mr. BROCH "You may rest assured, there is no danger up here." Within twenty-four hours Narvik was in German possession. When at last, after being twice under sentence of death, Mr. BROCH escaped from Narvik, only fifty of its ten thousand inhabitants were still there, and of Street No. 1 nothing was left but "a layer of brown powder and rubble, with chimneys standing here and there like barren trees in a nightmare." H. K.

Songs after Sundown

It is not Byron's Greece but Landor's—the epigrammatic rather than the epic as our Hellenists have best rendered it—that most gratefully pervades Lord DUNSANY's *Wandering Songs* (HUTCHINSON, 2/6). Turkey, Egypt and South Africa succeed Athens as the scene of his war-time sojourning; but the meditative outlook that mints silvery new variants of immortal truths is a recurrent mood throughout. Long after he has left Greece, in a refugee ship whose bizarre discomforts produced, for Mr. Punch, the most realistic of these poems, the poet is devoting a classic irony to any tyrant who happens to be going—to Hitler, to Mussolini, to Pétain. Even his versions from the Turkish—poems of Feisuli or Yahya Kemal which his Anatolian host used to translate for his versification—have an echo of "Rose Aylmer" and "Ianthé." Egypt, apart from "An Arab at Evening," inspires him less happily; but "The Dark Continent", where Zulus still sing, ignoring "the plan of the grim machine" for man's destruction, suggests a memorable picture of jungle creeping back on the darkened towns of Europe. Greece, however, has the last word. Olympus the vision has outlasted cities of stone; and vision may yet rebuild what lack of vision has destroyed. H. P. E.

Life in Louisiana

Mrs. FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES has a large following in America and bids fair soon to have as many here. Her latest novel, *If Ever I Cease to Love* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 10/6), is a great story, and not only in mere bulk. It deals with Louisiana, and what Mrs. KEYES doesn't know about the history, manners and customs of that Southern State can hardly be worth mentioning. She starts in the days when New Orleans was still more of a French than an American city—when indeed an American was regarded as a foreigner, not worthy to aspire to the hand of one of her beautiful daughters. So *Andy Breckenridge*, handsome and dashing owner of Splendida plantation, fails to win the hand of the fair *Estelle Lenoir*, and the tale is begun, to continue until his grandson *Drew* finds his mate at last after a somewhat irregular career. It is impossible in a few lines to do justice to the extraordinary variety of the scenes and characters depicted in these many pages. This is most emphatically not a novel to be read hurriedly, and it deserves careful attention. We see New Orleans from the days when the lottery was still being run, under the supervision of Generals Early and Beauregard, veterans of the Civil War: we take leave of it after the attack on Pearl Harbour, when the country, from north to south, is girding itself for war. And in between we have a whole gallery of dramatic pictures—negro life on the plantation, the growing rift between *Breck* and his wife, the terrible situation in which that rather unpleasant lady finds herself when she leaves Splendida in a hurry and goes to visit *Olivier Fontaine* in his house, the story of the "crevasse" in which *Breck* loses his life, *Stella Fontaine's*

love-affair with the young lawyer-politician *Raoul Bienvenu*, the murder of *Huey Long*, and a whole host of other incidents. In a word, a feast fully worth the price charged.

L. W.

A Latter-Day David

The mediæval Church, concentrating, like St. Paul, on the typical and prophetic character of the Old Testament, was able to distil edification from the most unpromising sources. Nothing could be more admirable, for instance, than its David, a graceful figure with a harp in a cumulatively Christian Tree of Jesse. Renan presented the Sweet Singer of Israel as an unpleasant brand of national hero. Marcel Dieulafoy whitewashed his most notorious exploit by putting the blame on the woman concerned—which is at least compatible with her Scripture record. But Mr. DUFF COOPER, in his difficult effort to invest *David* (CAPE, 10/6) with latter-day sympathies and news value, gratuitously blackens the luckless husband of Bathsheba—whose actual vestiges are those of a blameless tough; and little of his special pleading avails a subject who by modern standards is an extremely unattractive character. Modern standards are of course an injustice to David, and an injustice, as St. Augustine pointed out, to the Old Testament. The most interesting aspect of the new biography is its political bearings. A writer who can revive the feuds of the times so as to interest readers in the party politics of 1000 B.C. has achieved a *tour de force*.

H. P. E.

Touch of Human Nature

In a foreword to Mrs. ANABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS's book (or pamphlet?) *Women in War Factories* (GOLLANCZ, 1/-) Lady CRIPPS remarks: "Most of all she makes clear the need to look upon this whole subject as one of human relationships . . . This book sets the problem in a truer perspective." The author has visited a number of factories, some good and some bad, has talked with managers who have right and wrong ideas as to the best way to produce the best and the most work. Some are adventurous and some are lapped in red tape, but, as she points out, the greatest and bitterest problem of all is this—"Is it best to have not enough of the gun you really want or a lot of the gun that is only so-so? Is anything better than nothing? How much are the wishes and ideas of those who use the weapons to be consulted?" Her book is especially good because although she is all for the worker—for her better conditions, shopping hours, smoothing of domestic problems and insurance against home-sickness—she is all for the management too. She writes enthusiastically of a "young factory" where boys and girls learn engineering together and are thrilled by it because they come either straight from school or from non-productive jobs, and "Now they are making things, not just money, and something has clicked with the whole lot of them." Mothers and school-girls, foremen, shop stewards, managers of works and welfare workers should all make sure of this book, which will help each one to understand the difficulties of the other.

B. E. B.

In Training

The whole face of the war changes with such surprising rapidity that many of its aspects become part of the past almost, as it were, overnight. For that reason, although no doubt a more distant view may show its events in truer perspective, it is well that, both in poetry and prose, some record should remain of those events as they were lived. Mr. ALUN LEWIS, in *The Last Inspection* (GEORGE ALLEN

AND UNWIN, 7/6), deals in just over a score of short stories and sketches (some, indeed, mere rough notes and impressions) with the life of the soldier in training during the period following the collapse of France—a period of waiting, of weariness, and of boredom contrasting with the nightmare tenseness of the air-raids at their height. Mr. LEWIS is a poet, whose gift has already secured a measure of recognition, and it is therefore not surprising to find in his prose a paradoxical blending of the sensitive mind's revolt against the ugly, the sordid and the brutal side of war with a consciousness of the beauty and dignity of sacrifice. Not all his sketches are equally successful, but at his best (as in "Private Jones" and "They Came") he is very good indeed, his prose—a poet's prose—nervous, controlled and sincere.

C. F. S.

Novel with Seven Heroes

Mr. CHARLES GRAVES in his "novel"—his publisher's word—*Seven Pilots* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6) carries on the life histories of the seven airmen the first parts of whose sagas have been given in two previous books. It is all somewhat technical, very repetitive and rather shallow, and emotional strength and philosophy of life are both almost outside its range. Probably this is the right atmosphere for R.A.F. corporate existence, but, as we look at it through each pilot's own eyes, we might have expected something more personal. Yet it is an interesting book and leaves the reader glad to have met its characters and to know a little more of the world of the plane and the aerodrome from the inside. There is tragedy in it, but light relief is afforded by the interest of learning the Air Force tongue, by some up-to-date information on gremlins, and by frequent references to the flyers' "breakfast" of bacon and eggs, which none of us, however envious, will grudge him for a moment. The amateur of aircraft will like the descriptions of the different types of plane and the reactions of the seven heroes to their idiosyncrasies.

B. E. S.



"Alexander? Not a bit like him!"

Coincidence

"WELL, of course, our children are brought up on those lines. Absolute freedom. Complete equality."

"Yes, I quite understood that from your prospectus. But I think you said something about lessons."

"You mean self-expression through learning?"

"Do I? Well, do they have any of that?"

"Those who want to, certainly. We've a child now, a boy of ten, who asked to be taught clay-modelling. Most of them just take up whatever they're interested in and do it as and how and when they feel inclined, which, of course, is the ideal system; but this boy comes from a conventional bourgeois home, and he felt he wanted guidance, so we let him have it. Naturally."

"Do they have whatever they want?"

"We try to see that they do. It is so important, isn't it, that they shouldn't ever feel thwarted in any way."

"What happens when they're naughty?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I asked, what happens when they're naughty."

"I thought you did. But you see, we just don't believe in naughtiness. We never admit the existence of such a thing."

"Then what do you call it when a child won't do what it's told, for instance?"

"That's so simple. No child ever is told. They decide everything for themselves."

"Even what time they go to bed?"

"Oh, certainly. Most of them begin by staying up till the middle of the night, but after a while the novelty wears off, or they find they get ill or overtired, and then they usually leave off."

"What about getting up in the morning?"

"Each child settles that for itself. They know that breakfast is ready at half-past eight, and after half-past nine they just fetch what they want for themselves from the pantry."

"Doesn't that interfere with their classes?"

"Ah, you see, if they're interested in the classes they arrange to be there in time."

"Then they only work when they're interested?"

"Naturally."

"I should be rather afraid it would end in their not getting very much education."

"Oh, that's far from being the case. About twenty of our boys and girls are working hard now, at a production of *Measure For Measure*. One of our most interesting children, a girl of twelve, was elected producer."

"Elected by whom?"

"By the children, of course. And there are a good many of them taking elocution, in the hall. That's what you hear now."

"It sounds more like— But anyway, you have a teacher of elocution?"

"She just sits there, you know. The children can appeal to her if they want to. They hardly ever do. We find they prefer to do it their own way."

"It sounds as though they were all shouting at once."

"I expect they are. They each have different ideas, and it helps them to self-expression to deliver them in their own way."

"How long do they keep it up?"

"Just as long as they feel inclined. Then there's the dancing—quite a lot of them find tremendous release in dancing. We have one child who

invents all her dances as she goes along. We think she'll be world-famous one of these days."

"Who teaches her?"

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid I haven't made things at all clear. Why should anyone teach, or anyone learn? That would give the one who learns a feeling of inferiority, which is so wrong."

"Still, I suppose someone has to show the children how to read and write and do sums, if nothing else."

"Nothing else!!! But we have debating societies, and courses in Citizenship and Social Welfare—and every sort of craft is encouraged."

"I suppose none of them cook, or sew, or make the beds?"

"That we leave entirely to them. We've got fully-equipped kitchens, and a laundry and so on, but the children don't seem to be very much drawn in that direction. We attract the creative type, you see."

"Will any of them have to earn their livings when they leave school?"

"Most of our children are very highly gifted, and quite a number we unhesitatingly place in the genius class."

"Still, that, if I may say so, doesn't quite answer my question."

"I can only tell you that one of our old alumni—such a brilliant boy at wood-carving—has written a Three-Act play in blank verse about the Creation, and he thinks there's a fortune in it."

"Do other people think so too?"

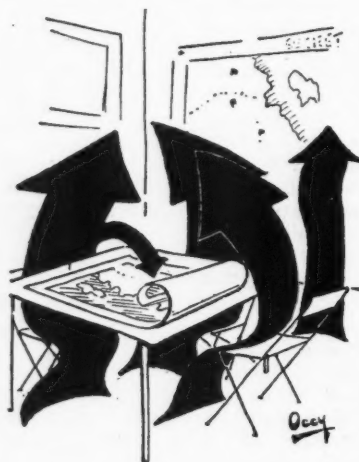
"Yes, indeed. All his friends. One of the biggest proofs of the success of our system, I always think, is that after leaving school, our boys and girls always tend to come together again. They just seem to keep in the same little circle. And you know, that must be more than mere coincidence."

E. M. D.

Consolation for a Kommandant

SOME officers that you kept guard on Got clean away the other night. The powers-that-be will hardly pardon The oversight.

But, after all, they may not make you Confront the dreaded Muscovite; For though no more Oflags will take you, A Stalagmite.



"... and you, Major Thrust, will start from here."

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Looking back
..... it is worth
Looking forward
to a Jaguar



Jaguar

S.S. CARS LTD. COVENTRY

*Less Time
for Housework*

*-more
need for*

Housewives engaged
in part-time work
find Mansion Polish
a real help in keep-
ing the home bright,
clean and healthy.

Use sparingly—supply
is restricted.



FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

M.P.
Q.N.

Enjoy your
CHEESE with crisp
RYVITA



★ Grate a
little cheese.
Cream with
a few spots
of milk. A
delicious
spread for
RYVITA
bread.

Controlled price 10d. per pkt. (as pre-war).

RYVITA IS MADE ENTIRELY FROM HOME-GROWN RYE
AND THEREFORE USES NO SHIPPING SPACE

Monk & Glass

CUSTARD

It isn't plentiful but
it is good

2½ PACKET MAKES
2 (separate) PINTS
Still the same high quality
Sold by all good grocers.





Valstar
"777" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY AND
DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS
HAVE THE VALSTAR "777" RAIN-
COAT—SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE
STRICTLY LIMITED.

J. HANDLEBERG & CO. LTD.
INFANT WORKS, BALFORD S. LANCE.

USE A LITTLE
Gumption

THE HOUSEHOLD
PASTE CLEANSER



PRICES -
SIZE TWO - 1/-
SIZE FIVE - 2/-
Supplies limited

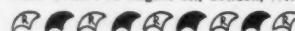
**GUMPTION
PRODUCTS LTD**
Bush House
London, W.C.1

**RADIO
RENTALS**

Unparalleled war-time
SERVICE

SORRY! Owing to restricted supplies only a few sets are available in certain Provincial Towns. Enquire at Local Branch. Over 80 Branches and Depots operating to ensure Free Service, Free Replacements, etc., to the fortunate half million who rely on Radio Rentals for their listening.

Head Office: 92 Regent St., London, W.1



Tri-ang
TOYS

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

L.B. LTD. London

*Prescription
for Safety?*

SURELY YOU
KNOW



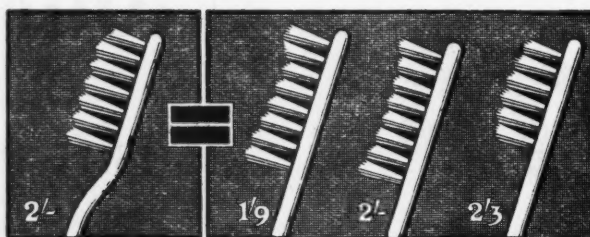
F E R O D O

BRAKE LININGS... OF COURSE

FERODO BRAKE LININGS MAKE MOTORING SAFE



**SAVE MONEY AND
VITAL WAR MATERIALS**



1 WISDOM equals 3 ORDINARY BRUSHES

A WISDOM Toothbrush costs only 2/- (including 4d. tax) yet lasts three times as long as an ordinary toothbrush. Thus by buying a Wisdom, not only do you save money but help conserve vital war materials. The plastics used in toothbrush handles are wanted by the R.A.F. It is real saving, national and personal, to buy a WISDOM.

Wisdom REGD.
TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LIMITED, MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

**"Is your journey
necessary?"**

Because you must walk more and new shoes cost coupons—besure your repairer gives you DRI-PED the guaranteed double wearing waterproof leather. To get more miles per sole is in the National Interest. Look for the purple diamond trademark.



Supplies are strictly rationed.
DRI-PED LTD., BOLTON, LANCs.

THE MENACE OF MOTHS
MUST BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY NOWADAYS



In the interests of national and personal economy, take immediate steps to protect your clothing, etc. with Mothaks.

MOTHAKS REGD.

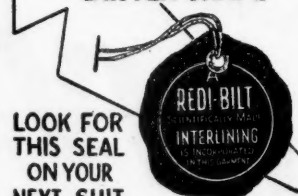
6 1/2 p

SAVE YOUR CLOTHES
AND COUPONS

PER BAG OF
8 MOTHAKS SOLD EVERYWHERE

REDI-BILT

INTERLININGS
KEEP YOUR
SUIT IN
BETTER SHAPE



LOOK FOR
THIS SEAL
ON YOUR
NEXT SUIT

When this seal is fixed in the lapel of the jacket you can be sure that no finer interlinings can be used.

**Are you a
knee-hugger?**

There really is such an exercise, and a very beneficial one too, though diet is equally important! Make a habit of eating Turog—the brown bread for vigorous, robust health.



Turog brown bread

Difficulty with supplies? Then write to
SPILLERS LIMITED, CARDIFF

Carters

INVALID FURNITURE



Owing to essential contracts the range of invalid chairs and invalid furniture is now limited, but we are still in a position to supply certain articles. Please give full particulars of your needs and we will endeavour to accommodate you.

GT. PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W. 1.

Phone: Langham 1049

There are still limited supplies of Young's Morecambe Shrimps—freshly peeled—spiced—cooked.

Beauchamp Place,
London, S.W. 1, and
at Morecambe.

No post
orders.

YOUNG'S
Morecambe **SHRIMPS**

**TRANSFER
YOUR IDLE
CAR!
TO ESSENTIAL
NATIONAL WORK**

and obtain its full
market value.

CarMart Ltd

320, Euston Road, N.W. 1.

146, Park Lane, W. 1.

Ens. 1212.
Gros. 5434.

CURICONES
FOR LUMBAGO

AND ALL RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS.
DOCTORS USE IT

**To relieve
skin irritations**

The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable.

Cuticura
OINTMENT



On every polished floor

use **NON-SLIP**
Furmoto
FLOOR CREAM

**GUARANTEED
100% NON-SLIP**

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and water-proof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING

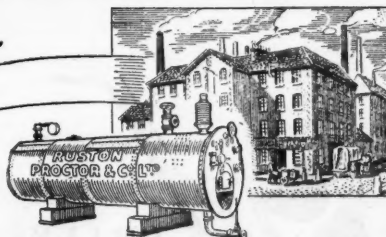
Sold in 2/- tins and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

**Furmoto non-slip
FLOOR CREAM**

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:

FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Road, S.W. 9

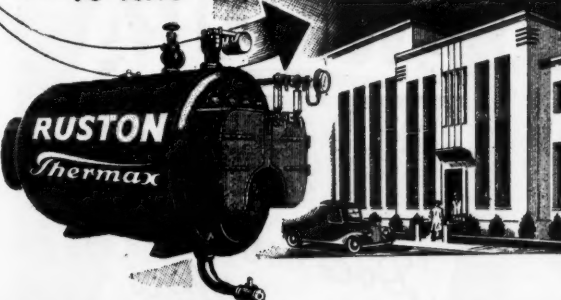
from this —



IN the early days of steam, the Lancashire and Cornish Boilers, produced in our boiler shops, were merely outer shells with one or more fire flues running through their length.

The great progress which has since been made has culminated in the Ruston Patented Horizontal "Thermax" Boiler, with its wet-back combustion chamber and double set of fire flues. Efficiencies of over 80 per cent. have been recorded under actual working conditions.

.... to this



RUSTON & HORNSBY LTD • LINCOLN



**THINK OF THESE MEN
AND HELP THEM**

You can imagine what perils the War is adding to the already hazardous task of our Life-boatmen.

As the War at sea goes on, so does the Institution call to you to help it in its work.

We know you will not fail us.

**ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**

Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood,
Herts.

The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAIT, O.B.E.,
Secretary.

Mark all clothing
with

Cash's

NAME TAPES

obtainable in a variety of colours
and lettering.

3 doz. 4 doz. 12 doz. Includes
Purchase Tax.

4/8 5/11 7/9

Supplied through all drapers and
outfitters.

J. & J. CASH LTD., Dept. Pu. 9, COVENTRY.

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

**STATE
EXPRESS
555**

For over half a
century STATE
EXPRESS 555 have
maintained their
reputation as the
world's finest
cigarettes.

I BELIEVE YOU
LOVE YOUR MURRAY'S
MORE THAN ME!



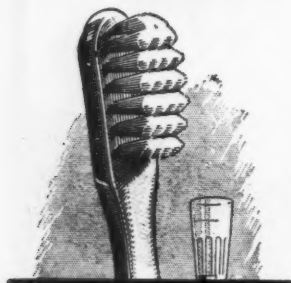
MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own.

Try an ounce of Murray's and see what you've been missing! 2/8d. an ounce.

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

MURRAY, SONS AND COMPANY LTD., BELFAST

TEK TALKS



How do I know which is the best shape of toothbrush?

Johnson & Johnson have found out for you.

How have they done that?

They've experimented till they've found the one perfect shape that will fit every mouth, and get at every crack and crevice of the teeth.

Is it easy to get a Tek just when you want one?

Of course it's not easy. Too many people know about Tek. But if you try you'll succeed.

Tek 2/- MADE IN ENGLAND
Plus Purchase Tax

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.,
Slough and Gargrave



A Proven Sound Investment

THOSE men who paid themselves the compliment of buying a *Shanks Mower* have cause for self-congratulation to-day. *Shanks Mowers* whether Hand or Motor driven are designed essentially to give years of service and the material and workmanship in each and every one are of the highest class. For over a century the standard of quality has not varied and when peace is with us again the same standard will be fully maintained. Production for the time being is suspended. But the day will come when those of us not already fortunate in owning a *Shanks* will be able to acquire this finest of mowers.



SHANKS MOWERS

ALEXANDER SHANKS & SON LIMITED, 66 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

ANZORA
"MASTERS THE HAIR"

Does not soil
hats or pillows

QUEEN ANNE

RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

IN THE
BETTER PLACES



By Appointment

Holders of Royal
Appointment to
successive Sovereigns
since 1838

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD
EDINBURGH. Est. 1793

Cigars of exceptional value
with mild HAVANA flavour
Blended and rolled here

CARASADA

TORPEDO SHAPE • STRAIGHT SHAPE
LENGTH 4 1/2 INCHES

BOX OF 50 FOR 72/- Post paid

GREEN'S LTD. CIGAR MERCHANTS

37/39 Royal Exchange, Cornhill, E.C.3

Hard
to find but
definitely
worth waiting



for
Vantella

SHIRTS-MADE TO MATCH

'Van Heusen'

COLLARS

WARDONIA

BLADES

FOR BETTER SHAVES.
SOLD BY NAAFI.



FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS



A LITTLE CARE SAVES A LOT OF WEAR

Even careful owners, anxious to keep their Austins in good trim to do an efficient war-time job, often haven't time these days to be very familiar with the working parts of their cars. When you ask your dealer to do some job of servicing, you may easily have left something else overlooked. Faulty wheel alignment, for instance, wearing out valuable tyres, or incorrect lubrication, reducing the life of metal surfaces. Ask your dealer to check up. In the long run it will be cheaper for you—and definitely better for the Country.

Help your AUSTIN to help the Country

The AUSTIN MAGAZINE may help you too—4d monthly

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

S.D.198



BRITISH ROPES in Shipping

The vital necessity of ropes to shipping is obvious to the veriest layman; but it takes a sailor or an engineer to realise the significance of the multifarious kinds in use to-day. We make them all; from mighty hawser to signal halliards; steel wire ropes; ropes of hemp, manila and sisal; together with the necessary gear; fishing nets, cargo nets, slings, log lines and twines; tarpaulins and canvas; the list is endless. Our experience covers rope usage in every industry throughout the world. Our knowledge is at your service. If you are faced with any problem concerning ropes, gear or fittings, let us know. Subject only to war restrictions our organisation is at your service.

BRITISH ROPES LIMITED
DONCASTER

OFFICES AND WORKS THROUGHOUT GT. BRITAIN

We make ropes and wire products for every industrial purpose. They represent the highest quality in the world's rope industry. Though war restrictions necessarily limit supplies, our expert advisory service will continue to give advice and assistance to all our customers in every technical difficulty.



5" of water... (that's patriotism)



a tablet of WRIGHT'S

(that's practical)

Gad sir! They're right about Wright's. What a magnificent lather with just a spot of warm water (or cold if you're a spartan). And what a clean job of work after a night on duty. And what a fine reconditioning for another day's work.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

7½^p per tablet (Tax included) One tablet — one coupon

★ **Vitabuoy** Life - Saving
OVERCOAT

★ **Vitabeau** Military & A.R.P.
TRENCH COATS

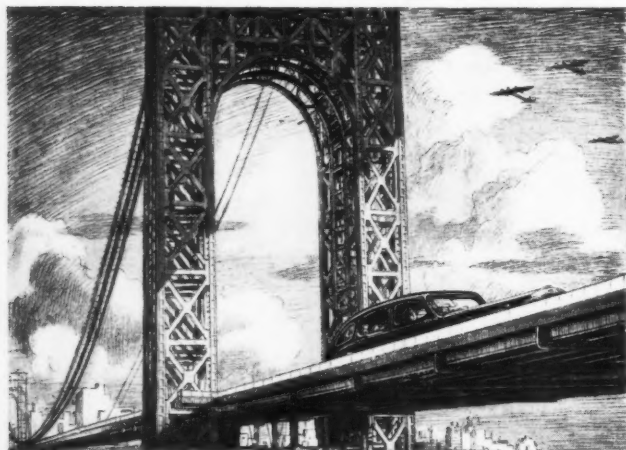
★ **M**UCH to our regret we are unable to manufacture any more of these wonderful coats. There are still a few available in one or two stores, and if you will drop us a line we will be glad to tell you where you can possibly buy one if you act at once.

Vitabuoy Products Ltd.

Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1

Telephone: B1Shopsgate 6565

The common heritage



BEHIND the success of such cars as "Morris," "Wolseley," "M.G." and "Riley" lies the groundwork of sound engineering practice. The companies which produced them now constitute The Nuffield Organization. To the pooling of their technical knowledge and facilities has been added, in the last few years, a greatly diversified engineering experience.

Not only will this be reflected in the "Nuffield" cars of the future but it is broadening the character of The Nuffield Organization—placing it in the forefront of the country's important engineering undertakings.

The
**NUFFIELD
ORGANIZATION**

A CORNERSTONE OF BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL STRUCTURE



Morris Motors Ltd., Wolseley Motors Ltd., The M.G. Car Co. Ltd., Riley (Coventry) Ltd., Morris Commercial Cars Ltd., S.U. Carburetter Co. Ltd., Nuffield Mechanizations Ltd., Nuffield Tools and Gauges Ltd., Morris Industries Exports Ltd.

DRIVERS—YOU MUST *treasure those tyres*

The desperate nature of the rubber situation is not sufficiently realised. Drivers are not treating their tyres with the care that the critical situation demands. SPEEDING . . . RAPID and JERKY ACCELERATION . . . HARSH BRAKING . . . all these cause unnecessary tyre wear and waste rubber. Every driver must realise the vital importance of tyres to our war effort. Remember—everything turns on tyres! Without them our whole transport system would collapse.



DUNLOP